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THE LESS  
FAMILIAR KIPLING,  
AND KIPLINGANA



BY

G. F. MONKSHOOD

*Author of*

*"Rudyard Kipling An Attempt at Appreciation"*

ILLUSTRATED

E P DUTTON & CO  
681, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK  
1917

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To  
P. B. Belton  
and  
W. Mawby,  
Thanking them, with  
gratitude, for their  
friendship.

G. F. M.

London, 1917.



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## EPIGRAPH TO PART I.

How much I love this writer's manly  
style!  
By such men led, our Press had ever  
been  
The public conscience of our noble isle,  
Severe and quick to feel a civic sin,  
To raise the people and chastise the times  
With such a heat as lives in great creative  
rhymes.

*From a Suppressed Poem, 1852,*  
*by LORD TENNYSON*

## PART I.

### THE LESS FAMILIAR RUDYARD KIPLING.

“ And so like most young poets, in a flush  
Of individual life I poured myself  
Along the veins of others.”

—R. K.

Of the making of books about Rudyard Kipling there will be no end—until the Kalpas end. Why should there be—is any apology necessary for one more very little book upon the greatest living English author? . . . Certainly no apology is needed, the Kiplingite will say. But perhaps other readers may desire to be presented with an explanation justifying

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the bringing forth of yet another book of Kiplingana.

Unquestionably. Well, as my title hints, I proposed to build a little book dealing with some of the less familiar but still interesting or entrancing phases of my subject's life and work. As the author of the first book upon Rudyard Kipling—in 1899—I hope that this new little adventure in literature will be welcomed by all lovers of Kipling.

The story of the early efforts of Rudyard Kipling, *circa* 1888, his descent upon London and instant capture of that stony-hearted and critical city has the wonder of an Arabian tale and, fitly enough, it could end, with his really world-wide repute in 1898 and the words :

“And Scherazade ceased her permitted say, for she perceived the dawn of day.”

We will now attempt to recapture some of the glow of that early and less-known period of the great writer's life and

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work. An early witness, whose testimony is of the deepest interest, is one "Septimus," who has written upon Rudyard Kipling's English début. The little article appeared in a magazine called *Indian Ink*, belonging to Thacker & Company, the famous Anglo-Indian publishers. "Septimus" says:

"The star of Rudyard Kipling first rose in England in 1888. He was well-known in India before then. But one might be giant enough in India to span in one stretch from Cape Comorin to Peshawar, and yet be entirely unknown and unheard of in England. . . .

"If Kipling had not been endowed with extraordinary talent his books would never have made their way. India attracts very little notice or interest, and it is a tribute to his genius that he was able to dish up the dry bones of Indian life in a form so palatable that he gained admittance to the portals of the Temple of Fame.

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"It happened I was learning my business as a publisher in the London office of the firm of W. Thacker & Co., then situated at 87, Newgate Street, London. Everybody in India knows Thacker, Spink & Co., but not so many know of the London house. The publishing manager was an old gentleman named Heaton. I think he was self-made and self-educated. His knowledge was encyclopædic, and he had that indispensable gift for a bookseller or a publisher, an imagination. He possessed a knowledge of English literature I have seldom seen excelled.

"One day the Calcutta firm wrote to us saying they were publishing a new book by a new author and its title was 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' The letter added: 'We shall be glad if you will do your best with this book. We are sending a thousand copies to you. It should prove as popular as "Lays of Ind.'" Now 'Lays of Ind' was our

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'big smoke' at that time, and this astonishing pronouncement excited a good deal of curiosity.

"An advance copy arrived shortly after. A curious thin book with a design on the cover purporting to represent the Hills. . . .

"In the light of my report Heaton read the book and quickly recognised the new writer's ability, and we set off to conquer England. But the bookselling trade was sceptical. When a new book is published a representative from the publisher goes to all the leading wholesale and retail booksellers and takes orders. This is called subscribing, and the traders sign on a sheet of paper the numbers they are prepared to take. On the top of the sheet is the title of the book and the name of the author with the wholesale terms.

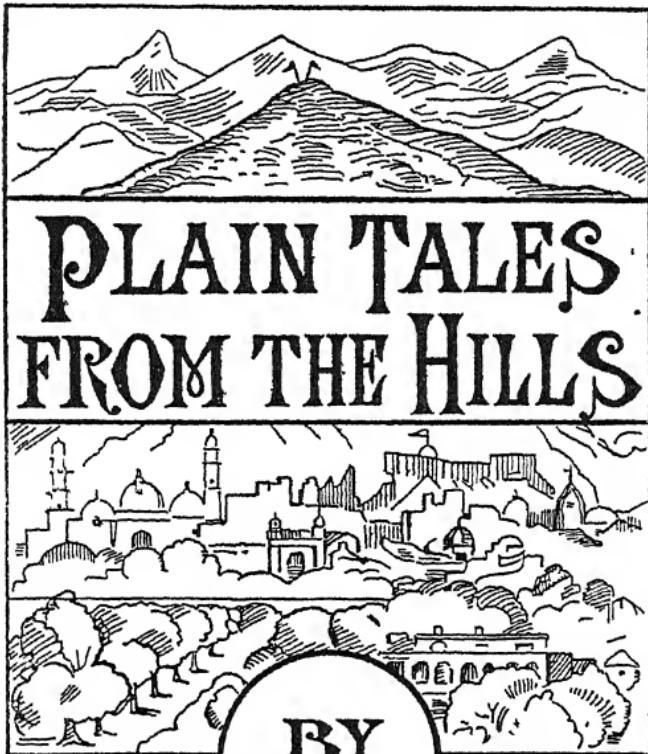
"I think the subscription sheet of 'Plain Tales from the Hills' would fetch a good deal of money at an auction if it existed to-day, which is improbable. If I

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remember correctly it numbered sixteen copies, and it had been displayed in Paternoster Row from end to end and thence through London north, south, east, and west through three weary days. I was the unfortunate person who took it round and never did eloquence produce a more barren result. In vain did I read choice bits of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd. The trade listened not to the voice of the charmer.

"Then we sent out copies to the press. And we tried personal influence with Editors whom we knew. The *Sunday Times* was the first to review it. But I believe the reviewer only skimmed it, as the review was conventional and worthless. The first real recognition came from the *Saturday Review*, which devoted nearly a column to it. This created a demand from the libraries and other papers followed suit. One paper, I forget which, I think it was *The Globe*, said the book was badly titled and should have



# PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

CALCUTTA.  
THACKER SPINK & Co.

Copy of the Cover of the rare 1888 Edition.



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been called ‘The Other Man and Other Stories,’ not that ‘The Other Man’ was the best story but it was a taking title! Of course one thousand copies melted like snow in summer—and no more copies were available for a long time. There was an insistent demand, but not enough copies were in circulation to allow a widespread knowledge of the new author.

“Then we published ‘Departmental Ditties.’ We published it in most attractive fashion and launched it on the world full of buoyant hope. But, alas! again the trade would have none of it.

“But the public wanted it and there was soon a brisk demand.

“That was the last I ever had to do with Rudyard Kipling as a publisher. But it marked my apprentice days with an experience given to few. And it laid the foundation of a very valued friendship which has always been one of my most cherished memories.”

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I went to see him one day and found him in the throes of composition. The room was knee-deep in manuscript. He called out to me when I entered that he was just finishing and I was to sit down and keep quiet. I did sit down and gathered up the manuscript; which I read. It was the "Record of Badalia Herodsfoot." I liked it, though I thought it a little out of his line. I remember we talked over the story and went and dined at the "Solferino" in Rupert Street. I don't fancy the place exists now. Then the summer holidays came on, and I did not see him for several weeks. When I did see him I criticised a story he had written for *Lloyd's News*, "The Mark of the Beast" it was. My criticism was that the readers of *Lloyd's* would not understand the story. "Why not," I said, "give them 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.'" "Good idea," he replied, "but where is it?" Well, we hunted high and low. We pulled out the con-

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tents of drawers ; we searched the rooms through and through. Kipling sat back in blank despair. The manuscript had been stolen ! At length we found it on the top of an immense book-case and covered with London dust. We had only looked there in comic despair ! Its location was rapidly transferred to the editorial office of the *Detroit Free Press*, and it appeared in their Christmas Number, where it was the sensation of the moment and set people talking more than ever of the new literary star.

Harking back to the first subject of these reminiscences, I have pulled a copy of the 1888 Edition of "Plain Tales from the Hills" from the book-case. It's a quaint looking contraption. There is a picture of the Hills on the top with two flags sticking out of a mountain's brow. Each flag is about a sixth of the height of the mountain ! There is a conglomeration of Mohammedan and Christian edifices down below. The whole

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looks like a mystical representation of an Emambagh and a prehistoric fort surmounted with many hills and two flags each two hundred feet high.

But looking through "Plain Tales" and reading through the stories again the thought strikes one—Has Kipling ever done better work than some of these gems? Take at random an extract:

"*You drive Jehannum ke marfik, mal-lum?* 'Tis no manner of *faider bukkin* to the *Sahib* bekaze he don't *samjao* your *bat*. Av he *bolos* anything, just you *choop* and *chel*. *Dekker?* Go *arsty* for the first *arder* mile from cantonments. Thin *chel*, *Shaitan ke marfik*, and the *chooper* you *choops* and the *jeldier* you *chels* the better *kooshi* will the *Sahib* be: and here's a rupee for ye."

Was soldiers' bat ever more delightfully portrayed?

The "Mark of the Beast" story referred to may have been written originally for *Lloyd's News*, but I

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believe it appeared in a good little paper, *The Wednesday Journal*; however, upon this point and similar small points, one has to refer to the library of memory. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" (Kipling treasures an eerie name almost as much as the great good Dickens or that amazing genius, Edgar Saltus) was a strongly-scented story of London-in-the-East, illustrated with wash and line drawings by two lady members of the R.I., the Sisters Demain Hammond. "Septimus" laments the bad judgment of that very close corporation called The Trade, but his knowledge of books must have taught him that in many instances a like fate has awaited writers who now are read and loved wherever the English Raj rule. Take for appropriate example an author who has been highly praised by Kipling himself, Juliana Horatia Ewing. We read, in her life, that "Jackanapes" was much praised when it came out in a magazine, but even when

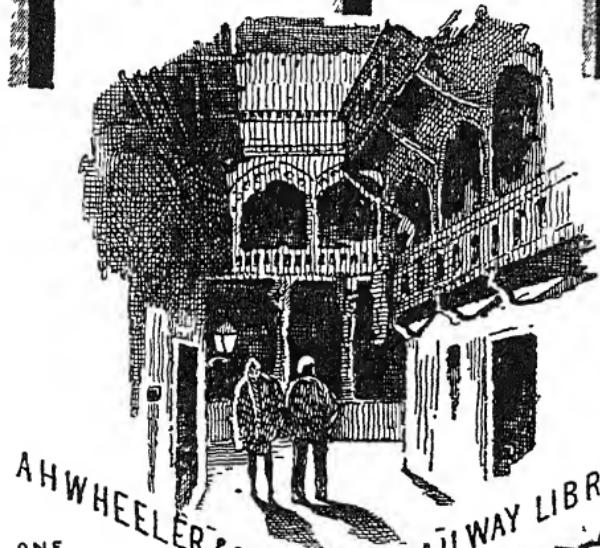
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reissued as a book its success was within a hair's-breadth of failing. The first copies were brought out in dull stone-coloured paper covers, and that powerful vehicle, The Trade, unable to believe that a jewel could be concealed in so plain a casket, *refused the work of J. H. E. and R. C.* (Randolph Caldecott) until they had stretched the paper cover upon cardboards and coloured the Union Jack which adorns it! By such means shall ye writers climb to the stars.

The happy time brightly retold by "Septimus" in *Indian Ink* was the time when the world discovered Rudyard Kipling and enrolled him in its "Celebrities At Home." He then said that he might go up like the rocket and come down like its stick! It was the time that the Indian Railway Library was being reissued in England, volume by volume, the best railway reading ever offered for a journey. (By the way, that reminds one that Murray the publisher once

THE CITY OF  
DREADFUL NIGHT



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ONE RUPEE

N° XIV

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.



Reproduction of a rare Cover.



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issued a series of "Books Suited for Railway Readers," and volumes number one and two were "Abercrombie," "On the Intellectual Powers and on the Philosophy of the Moral Feelings"! Heavens! *what railway reading!*) The Wheeler Indian Railway Library had the following books by Kipling, " Soldiers Three," "In Black and White," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Under the Deodars," and last, and rarest, "Letters of Marque," of which I understand only three or four copies were ever sold, in this form. The rare cover is reproduced as an illustration in this present book. Some pictures of the other Railway Library covers are to be seen, by the interested, in a book entitled "Kiplingiana," issued in New York in 1899 by Mansfield & Wessels. This is a pleasant little volume produced with great publishing taste and skill.

The cunning charm of many of the

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illustrated covers, etc., to the Indian stories designed by John Lockwood Kipling will delight for all time the fortunate possessors, but will not surprise those who know that the Kipling family possess trained tastes for the graphic arts. Recently, it is interesting to record, a series of most comical drawings by Rudyard Kipling's great kinsman, Burne-Jones, were exhibited to the members of the London Library, St. James's Square. Many were upon notepaper, stamped Rottingdean, Brighton — Mr. Kipling's own home for some time.

Three books of the early Indian sketches of Rudyard Kipling were suppressed: "The Smith Administration," "Letters of Marque No 1," and "The City of Dreadful Night." This latter volume had one of the few covers that were designed for the Indian Railway Library by the artist-author, Brownlow Fforde. The First (English) Edition bore attached to the title-page the following *amende honorable*:

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*able*: “The Publishers beg to state that at the time of printing this Work they had overlooked the fact that the title had been previously used for a volume of Poems by the late James Thomson (B.V.). They have, however, received the kind permission of Mr. Thomson’s Publishers to use it.” The material of which these three books are composed was reissued in the statutory Twenty Volumes of Kipling’s prose that are in all good libraries. But there is still a volume that somewhat persistently eludes the Kiplingite; unless he is as rich as a Hun secret agent. The volume is entitled “Abaft the Funnel,” taken from its own epigraph, “Men in pajamas, sitting abaft the funnel and swapping lies of the purple seas.” The author at one time had no intention to reprint these efforts, so we understand. But they are well worth the propriety and dignity of book-form, and he has not suffered any disservice. The same treat-

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ment was accorded certain early miscellanea of James Thomson, and the Editor of that collection said : "Believing as I do that James Thomson is, since Shelley, the most brilliant genius who has wielded a pen . . . I take a natural pride and pleasure in rescuing the following articles from burial in the great mausoleum of the Periodical Press." *Verb. sap.* The various items that make the volume "Abaft the Funnel" may be roughly grouped into three sets of stories and sketches as follows :—

### I.

#### THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

- The Likes of Us.
- His Brother's Keeper.
- A Supplementary Chapter.
- Tiglath Pileser.
- " Sleipner," late " Thurinda."
- A Fallen Idol.
- New Brooms.

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### II.

#### LIFE IN LONDON.

- Letters On Leave.
- The Adoration of the Magi.
- A Death in the Camp.
- A Really Good Time.
- On Exhibition.
- The Three Young Men.
- My Great and Only.
- “The Betrayal of Confidences.”
- The New Dispensation, I. and II.
- The Last Of and The Stories.

### III.

#### TALES OF TRAVEL.

- Erastasius of the Whanghoa.
- Her Little Responsibility.
- A Menagerie Aboard.
- A Smoke of Manila.
- The Red Lamp.

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The Shadow of His Hand.

A Little More Beef.

Griffiths, the Safe Man.

It.

Chatauquaed.

The Bow Flume Cable-Car.

In addition to the foregoing there are a parody and a poem, the latter oddly entitled "In Partibus." If, as one may fairly assume, the author really means this to be read as "In Partibus *Infidelium*," that is to say, "In Unbelieving Countries," the poem probably belongs to the period of his exile in London-Under-the-Fog, *circa* 1889, when attempts were made by the well-intentioned to "lionise him"—

"But I consort with long-haired things  
In velvet collar-rolls,  
Who talk about the Aims of Art,  
And 'theories' and 'goals,'  
And moo and coo with women-folk  
About their blessed souls."

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The parody above noted stands outside the three groupings we suggested.

“The History of a Fall,” as it is entitled, can hardly be described as a story. It is a sketch of a comic episode narrated partly in English, partly in a parody of the French idiom of the three-fifty yellow-back. Like a good deal of the matter in “Abaft the Funnel,” it partakes of the nature of a frisk (as Saltus puts it), a frolic, a maffick in ink. The comic or parodic condensed novel has amused several fun-masters, Thackeray, Bret Harte, Burnand, say; while I believe that the delightful and distinguished Stephen Laycock must be making a fortune as well as a reputation from just that type of literature. Their authors may think them mere ink-potterings, but they are things difficult to do.

“The Likes o’ Us” is a soldier story of the time and style of the ever-living “Soldiers Three.” Indeed change but the name of the protagonist, Gunner

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Barnabas, and you get quite a Mulvaney yarn. The story begins by the G.O.C. at Simla talking to its writer about Tommy Atkins: "But the point on which he dwelt most pompously was the ease with which Private Thomas Atkins could be 'handled' as he called it. 'Only feed him and give him a little work to do, and you can do anything with him,' said the General Officer Commanding. 'There's no refinement about Tommy, you know; and one is very like another. They've all the same ideas and traditions and prejudices. They're all big children.'"

There followed a meeting between the narrator and Gunner Barnabas, who was in the Mountain Battery, and sitting upon a soldier, "a khaki-coloured volcano of blasphemy," till the said soldier became sober. There had been a conflict of view-points and the Gunner was nearly shot by his bemused companion, a little private, bedrunk and yet convalescing

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after fever. Finally, Gunner Barnabas, when the private had recovered from the half-murderous mania that had seized him, carried the silly little chap back towards barracks, shouting, "It's the likes o' 'im that brings shame on the likes o' us." A grim story of one of the darker sides of soldiering life but not, as I take it, meant to glorify brutality of threat or deed, but meant to show once more that order, duty, and decent living must and shall hold sway in the Army. Oddly, the next story is called "His Brother's Keeper," and deals with the moral responsibility that a man sometimes has in the matter of a colleague. Upon the subject of this big thème, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" the stylist Editor of *The Hibbert* says in an essay: "Since it was Cain who asked the question, the inference has been drawn, most impudently, that all men who answer in the negative belong to the tribe of Cain. The negative answer has come to be regarded as one of the

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characteristic marks of a bad man—in fact, the very brand of Cain. Contrariwise, the acceptance of the position of keeper to one's brother is usually taken as an unequivocal sign of grace."

In Mr. Kipling's strong, tense story, the brave man upon whom the burden of decision was laid, did not hesitate but answered the question in the affirmative and elected to be his brother's keeper, for a certain time risking life or limb thereby, but choosing conscience before Cain.

Stovey, at work upon a canal with the man "just above him," goes mad and plots murder with a Martini. His intended victim gets the gun away upon the pretext that there is a pariah dog in his room—and by chance there was! The ending is quaint and unforeseen :

"Ever meet the man again?"

"Yes; once at Sheik Katan dak-bungalow—trailing—the big brindled *pi* after him."

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"Oh, it was real, then? I thought it was arranged for the occasion."

"Not a bit. It was a *pukka pi*. Stovey seemed to remember me in the same way that a horse seems to remember. I fancy his brain was a little cloudy. We tiffined together—*after* the *pi* had been fed, if you please—and Stovey said to me: 'See that dog? He saved my life once. Oh, by the way, I believe you were there, too, weren't you?'"

The story is told in a club smoking-room, and it has life and strength from its settings, the comments of its listeners and their personalities, etched with just a few short sharp strokes. It is a model for tale-tellers.

"A Supplementary Chapter" is another story of Mrs. Hauksbee, and should be read in connection with "The Education of Otis Yeere," to which it refers. In addition to the brilliant schemer, Mrs. Hauksbee, we again meet Mrs. Mallowe

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and Mrs. Reiver, of whom we can now learn something more :

“ She was a person without invention. She used to get her ideas from the men she captured, and this led to some eccentric changes of character. For a month or two she would act *à la* Madonna, and try Theo for a change if she fancied Theo’s ways suited her beauty. Then she would attempt the dark and fiery Lilith, and so on and so on, exactly as she absorbed the new notion. But there was always Mrs. Reiver—hard, selfish, stupid Mrs. Reiver—at the back of each transformation. Mrs. Hauksbee christened her the Magic Lantern on account of this borrowed mutability. ‘ It just depends upon the slide,’ said Mrs. Hauksbee. ‘ The case is the only permanent thing in the exhibition. But that, thank Heaven, is getting old.’ ”

We meet also, in this Simla intrigue, with Watchett of “ a vicious little three-cornered Department that was always

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stamping on the toes of the Elect," and Trewinnard who plays an important part and is the direct cause of some of the author's *obiter dicta*.

"Trewinnard had been spoilt by over-much petting, and the devil of vanity that rides nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand made him believe as he did. He had been too long one woman's property; and that belief will sometimes drive a man to throw the best things in the world behind him, from rank perversity."

Trewinnard and Mrs. Mallowe had an understanding about things, but it wore thin and he took to discussing things with Mrs. Reiver. Then Hatchett, Trewinnard, and the ladies become mixed rather seriously. The story persistently reminds one of Henry James. It certainly has what some one has admirably attributed to the latter, "the note of secret, serious comprehension between the characters." But the note of shrewd

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and forthright comment is wholly Kipling, as in the following phrases—and there are many equally shrewd in this “Supplementary Chapter”:

“ Some people say that the Supreme Government is the Devil. It is more like the Deep Sea. Anything that you throw into it disappears for weeks, and comes to light hacked and furred at the edges, crusted with weeds and shells and almost unrecognisable. The bold man who would dare to give it a file of love-letters would be amply rewarded. It would overlay them with original comments and marginal notes, and work them piecemeal into D. O. dockets. Few things, from a letter or a whirlpool to a sausage-machine or a hatching hen, are more interesting and peculiar than the Supreme Government.”

“ Tiglath Pileser” and the story that follows “Sleipner,” late “Thurinda,” deal with horses. Tiglath Pileser is the name given by the author to a rogue of

# Abaft The Funnel



Rudyard Kipling

Cover of "Abaft the Funnel "  
Published in America



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a horse he purchases cheap, and the description of his antics is wildly but deliciously funny. Indeed I do not know where in all fiction one could meet with a more comical beast than Tiglath, the Utter Brute.

"I called him Tiglath because he resembled a lathy pig. Later on I called him Pileser on account of his shouk ; but my coachman, a strong, masterless man, called him '*haramzada chor, shaitan kē bap*' and '*oont ki beta*.' He certainly was a powerful horse, being full fifteen-two at the withers, with a girth of a waler, and at first the docility of an Arab. There was something wrong with his feet—permanently—but he was a considerate beast, and never had more than one leg in hospital at a time. The other three were still movable, and Tiglath never grudged them in my service."

At last Tiglath was shot, but, odd though it sounds, even his death had a note of comedy.

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“A Fallen Idol” is a light and laughing little sketch of a man named Trivey, supposed for a time to be the club Munchausen, upon the strength of a wonderful yarn he told of conquering an elephant:

“‘When I was at Anungaracharlupillay in Madras,’ said Trivey quietly, ‘there was a rogue elephant cutting about the district.’ He told us that he, in the company of another man, had found the rogue asleep, but just as they got up to the brute’s head it woke up with a scream. Then Trivey, who was careful to explain that he was a ‘bit powerful about the arms,’ caught hold of its ears as it rose, and hung there, kicking the animal in the eyes, which so bewildered it that it stayed screaming and frightened until Trivey’s ally shot it behind the shoulder, and the villagers ran in and hamstrung it.”

This ranked as the prize falsehood of the club until one Crewe had to go to the

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very same district in Madras. Upon his return he convinced them all that Trivey's feat was absolutely true in every detail !

"Sleipner," late "Thurinda," is an eerie story of the supernatural border-land with a serious, rather sad, interest that recalls "The Phantom Rickshaw," but in "Sleipner" the apparition is that of a horse.

A man named Jale brings a string of horses to a meeting and is thrown and killed. He leaves his horse Thurinda to Hordene. "She's as easy as a Pullman car and about twice as fast," he was wont to say in moments of confidence to his intimates. "For all her bulk, she's as handy as a polo-pony; a child might ride her, and when she's at the post she's as cute—she's as cute as the bally starter himself." Many times had Hordene said this, till at last one unsympathetic friend answered with: "When a man *bukhs* too much about his wife or

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his horse, it's a sure sign he's trying to make himself like 'em."

But it was not such easy running for Thurinda's new owner. The dead man, Jale, from beyond the tomb, bewitched his horse, thereby maddening Hordene. Then he cursed the dead man Jale for his ridiculous interference with a free gift. "If it was given—it was given," said Hordene, "and he has no right to come messing about after it."

Hordene sold her, and the third owner shot her! Then, after hearing the full story of the mare, he said:

"I'll lay that ghost." He leaned out into the night and shouted: "Jale! Jale! Jale! Wherever you are." There was a pause and then up the compound-drive came the clatter of a horse's feet. The red-haired subaltern blanched under his freckles to the colour of glycerine soap. "Thurinda's dead," he muttered, "and—and all bets are off. Go back to your grave again."

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“New Brooms” is the last of the seven pieces that we have roughly classified as the doings of some English in India, and is a somewhat awesome story of that master of contagia and bacteria, the sanitary engineer, and of plague in India caused through the indolent uncleanliness of the typical native who is here called Ram Buksh. Into the life of this man the Englishman enters with his usual ideas about washing men, and streets, about clean water, sanitation, and so on, fighting even against the ideas of the Government of India in order to get things done decently and in order. One lays down “New Brooms” with a little shudder, it is true (for it has graphic pictures of how plague and pollution are caused), but with an enhanced respect for the power of the sanitary engineer.

In the little group of stories and sketches dealing more or less with life in London I would mention “Letters

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on Leave" for especial attention. These letters to an officer in the Indian Army are packed with shrewd hits at English life—you will remember "One View of the Question, in Life's Handicap"; they are followed by sketches of the author's early literary life here with, ever and anon, the longing for his Indian home as in "On Exhibition":

"And I thought of smooth-cut lawns in the gloaming, and tables spread under mighty trees, and men and women, all intimately acquainted with each other, strolling about in the lightest of raiment, and the old dowagers criticising the badminton, and the young men in riding-boots making rude remarks about the claret-cup, and the host circulating through the mob and saying: 'Hah, Piggy,' or Bobby or Flatnose, as the nickname might be, 'have another peg,' and the hostess soothing the bashful youngsters and talking *khitmatgars* with the Judge's wife, and the last new bride

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hanging on her husband's arm and saying : 'Isn't it almost time to go home, Dicky, dear?' and the little fat owls chuckling in the *bougainvilleas*, and the horses stamping and squealing in the carriage-drive . . . ."

"My Great and Only" is a humorous account of how a music hall song was produced, and the reception it got in the hall of its period—the early nineties. But the two pieces that bring "Abaft the Funnel" to an end—one a story and the other a fantasy—are so good that they should not be forgotten upon any account. The story is entitled "The New Dispensation, Part I. and Part II.," but it might be called the "Glorification of Kadir Baksh, the Khitmatgar," for that is what Part I. certainly amounts to. In Part II. we find that the writer has secured in London (from the Docks) a native Tamil servant named Rama-sawmy, who, when cleaned and clothed, was a faithful being enough, but had

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a vendetta upon his mind. Briefly, he was only awaiting the arrival of a certain ship and man, to fight to the death, or commit manslaughter, *and the man arrived.* The story ends in bloodshed.

The fantasy, entitled "The Last of the Stories," is utterly unlike anything I have ever met of Kipling's. It is in the first person, and narrates that the author, in a dream, was taken by the Devil of Discontent to a literary limbo, the Limbo of Lost Endeavour, where are all the souls of characters drawn in tales, novels, and articles. The author meets his own famous characters : Captain Gadsby and Minnie, Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe, and very many others :

"One after another they filed by—Trewinnard, the pet of his Department ; Otis Yeere, lean and lanthorn-jawed ; Crook O'Neil and Bobby Wick arm-in-arm ; Janki Meah, the blind miner in the Jimahari coal-fields ; Afzul Khan,

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the policeman ; the murderous Pathan horse-dealer, Durga Dass ; the bunnia, Boh Da Thone ; the dacoit, Dana Da, weaver of false magic ; the Leander of the Barhwi ford ; Peg Barney, drunk as a coot ; Mrs. Delville, the dowd ; Dinah Shadd, large, red-cheeked, and resolute ; Simmons, Slane, and Losson ; Georgie Porgie and his Burmese helpmate ; a shadow in a high collar, who was all that I had ever indicated of the Hawley Boy—the nameless men and women who had trod the Hill of Illusion and lived in the Tents of Kedar, and last, His Majesty the King.”

Towards the end of this strange dreamy fantasy—how our G. W. Steevens, who wrote similar brilliant matter in his “Monologues of the Dead,” would have revelled in this—there is a fine unforgettable touch. Rabelais speaks to the writer, touches him and starts :

“ By the Great Bells of Notre Dame,  
you are in the flesh—the warm flesh !—

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the flesh I quitted so long—ah, so long !  
And you fret and behave unseemly  
because of these shadows ! Listen now !  
I, even I, would give my Three, Panurge,  
Gargantua and Pantagruel, for one little  
hour of the life that is in you. And *I*  
am the Master ! . . . ”

The Devil of Discontent is supposed to be the truth that lurks at the bottom of the ink-well and, when the weary writer has finished his story, poem, or essay, appears—only to sneer at whatever the effort was. Great literary names are here rattled off like drumtaps with consummate ease—Bret Harte, Mark Twain, ever-to-be-remembered Walter Besant, with many others—and a sound of light mocking laughter is heard throughout it all.

“Her Little Responsibility”—with the long sub-title, “And No Man May Answer for the Soul of His Brother”—is a slight sketch of an English ne'er-do-well encountered in America, a man “falling

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down the ladder rung by rung.” It is a dark little picture of a Harrow boy’s degradation lit up, however, by *obiter dicta* upon the way of a man with a maid :

“ I don’t think some men ought to be allowed to fall in love any more than they ought to be allowed to taste whiskey.”

“ Never you make a woman swear oaths of eternal constancy. She’ll break every one of them as soon as her mind changes, and call you unjust for making her swear them.”

“ You can tell nothing from a woman’s letter, though. If they want to hide anything, they just double the ‘dears’ and ‘darlings.’ ”

“ A Menagerie Aboard,” “ It,” “ A Smoke of Manila,” and “ A Little More Beef ” are most amusing sketches, but “ Griffiths, the Safe Man,” is the best thing in the way of droll exaggeration since Twain made us laugh at

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### "The Jumping Frog of Calavaras County."

Griffiths and the teller of the tale went to Japan together. But, first, here is Griffiths etched for us by his Tormentor :

" He (Griffiths) says :

" 'Safe bind is safe find.' That, rather, is what he used to say. He has seen reason to alter his views. Everything about Griffiths is safe—entirely safe. His trunk is locked by two hermetical gun-metal double-end Chubbs ; his bedding-roll opens to a letter padlock capable of two million combinations ; his hatbox has a lever patent safety on it ; and the grief of his life is that he cannot lock up the ribs of his umbrella safely. If you could get at his soul you would find it ready strapped up and labelled for heaven. That is Griffiths."

They were travelling from Kyoto to Otsu. When they arrived, Griffiths, the Safe Man, could not find their passports or open his bag. The hotel proprietor

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fetched a policeman. Then more police came plus soldiers, hotel staff, and about fifty children, most of them directed to the hotel by the mocking malice of Griffiths' travelling companion. The fun became fast, if not furious, until the passport was found in the pocket of an overcoat!

"When Griffiths wanted to speak to me I was on the other side of the regiment of children in the passage, and he had time to reflect before he could work his way through them.

"They formed his guard-of-honour when he took the bag to the locksmith.

"I abode on the mountains of Otsu till dinner-time. . . ."



# Abaft the Funnel

By

Rudyard Kipling



*"Men in pajamas sitting abaft the funnel  
and swapping lies of the purple seas"*

AUTHORIZED EDITION

NEW YORK  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1909

Title-Page of "Abaft the Funnel "



## PART II.

### SOME LESS FAMILIAR KIPLINGANA.

#### EPIGRAPH.

King Priyadarsin, Beloved of the Gods, has caused this righteous edict to be written, here plainly, there moderately, and in a third place at full length. Thus is everything expressed everywhere known to the great. Much has been caused to be written, and he shall cause again to write. Repetitions occur also in a certain measure on account of the agreeableness of various points, in order that the people in that way be persuaded to understand and follow them. . . .

—“History of Kathiawad”  
(Bell, 1916).

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The United Service Colleges' Chronicle. Twenty-nine numbers, quarto size, dated Bideford, October, 1878—December, 1894. This set contains all of the numbers to which Rudyard Kipling contributed. He edited the paper from its fourth to its tenth number inclusive, and all of these issues contained verse or prose by him. The only other numbers to which he contributed are twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty-one, and twenty-eight. Some of the later issues contained matter reprinted from his works, but no contributions. The set above named consists of numbers two to twenty-eight inclusive, and numbers forty-one and fifty-eight. Number eight is the proof copy with corrections by Kipling. These are exceeding scarce.

"Schoolboy Lyrics," by Rudyard Kipling. (Printed for private circulation only.) Small 12mo size. Original plain white covers. Lahore, 1881. First Edition of Kipling's *first book*,

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printed in India by his parents while he was at school in England. Very few copies are known.

“Echoes.” By Two Writers. Small 12mo size. Lahore, 1884. This is the First Edition of an exceedingly rare little work. It was written by Rudyard Kipling and his sister Beatrice, and contains imitations of the modern English poets for the most part. This copy bears an inscription in the handwriting of Kipling. Before the title of each poem, in the index, there is written the name of the poet whose style had been imitated, and there are a number of notes on the margins, all in the handwriting of Kipling. It will be remembered that a set of imitations of great poets, by Kipling also, were published in the *Daily Mail*, Lord Northcliffe’s astounding paper. These appeared a few years ago and should have been treasured, in case they are never reprinted.

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A fine copy of "Echoes," by Two Writers, in the original paper covers, brought in nearly £100 for the Red Cross Sale at Christies about a year ago. It had an original unpublished poem inserted of twenty-eight lines, "To the Ladies of Warwick Gardens, by Rudy and Trix," in the holograph of Rudyard Kipling, and the name "Trix" written in the Index against the poems by that writer. Published, of course, at Lahore, The Civil and Military Gazette Press (1884). In *The Athenaeum* for October 30th, 1897, this work is especially referred to.

The autograph above mentioned is interesting as a rare instance of the use of the diminutive "Rudy." Elsewhere "Nickson" is to be found as a nickname for Mr. Kipling. "Nicknames and whippings when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off," said Landor in his "Imaginary Conversations."

The foregoing were referred to in a

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recent Literary Supplement to *The Times* as follows :—

“ £20 each offered, ‘Schoolboy Lyrics,’ Lahore, 1881, and ‘Echoes,’ by Two Writers, Lahore, no date (1884). Kipling Letters and MSS. also wanted.”

“The Quartette.” The Christmas Annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. By Four Anglo-Indian Writers. Octavo size. Lahore, 1885. This constitutes the First Edition, and the four writers were Rudyard Kipling, his father, John Lockwood Kipling, his mother and his sister, Beatrice. Truly a literary *quadrille d'honneur!* Kipling’s contributions were “The Phantom Rickshaw” and “The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes.” These two stories were afterwards reprinted in the Indian Railway Library Series, in the first instance, then, of course, in every edition all over the hemispheres. A copy of “The Quartette,”

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with the inscription "To the Ladies of Warwick Gardens, from the Four K's, 21.12.85," in Rudyard Kipling's writing, obtained £20 at a Red Cross Sale at Christies.

"The Week's News." From the commencement, January 7th, 1888, to September 15th, of that year. Published at Allahabad, 1888. Some of Kipling's best-known stories and studies "in Indian ink" first had the light of print in the above paper. *A few of these stories appear not to have been reprinted.*

Among those that we know and love are to be seen "Wee Willie Winkie," "The Big Drunk Draf," "The Solid Muldoon," etc., etc. Each issue contained a tale by Kipling and also original contributions by writers as loudly proclaimed as Bret Harte, Clark Russell, and John Strange Winter.

"Turnovers," from the *Civil and Military Gazette* Lahore, 1888. Kipling wrote in the first nine numbers of this

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publication, and some of the contributions have not been reprinted in any of his later collections that are obtainable upon the usual demand.

### *Extract from Title and Preface.*

"We have rescued from our columns . . . some literary trifles, in the hope that, like flies in amber, a few may be found still to retain an interest . . . for certain saving clauses: First, that many kind friends have desired me to have it done; second, that, unlike resurrection pie at school, this is no compulsory dish, for those that like it not may leave it alone . . . Except for expansion into columns of more seemly width, and some slight supervision of late-discovered misprints, these are the same articles printed again from the same type as those which, I trust, in the *Civil and Military Gazette* gave their sympathetic readers some excuse for smiles; . . . and speaking on behalf

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of ‘Smith,’ ‘The Reveller,’ ‘Elianus,’ ‘Centurion,’ ‘The Subaltern,’ ‘Outis,’ and others—and still concealing my own among those pseudonyms—I hope that in this modest intention we are not to be disappointed.”

The Indian editions of “In Black and White” contain at the end of the volume a delightful piece of the writer’s craft, headed “The Dedication. To My Most Deare Father.” This dedication is in old English of the time of Chaucer or Gower, and is one of the many tricky literary feats that Kipling is capable of, and evidently delights in. His work in literary parody that appeared some years ago in Lord Northcliffe’s front rank paper will be recalled by all true Kiplingites. The Father of the Dedication is of course John Lockwood Kipling, who designed the covers of the book when he was at the School of Art, Lahore. The book was printed at the Pioneer Press,

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Allahabad. Certain extracts here follow :

“To My Most Deare Father,

“When I was in your House and we went abroade together, in the out-skirtes of the Citie, among the Gentoo Wrestlours, you had poynted me how in all E,pryzes he gooing forth slang backe alwaies a Word to hym that had instruct hym in his Crafte to the better Sneckynge of a Victorie or at the leaste the auoidance of anie greate Defeate : And presentlie each man wolde run to his *V/tad* (which is as we shoulde say *Ma/ter*) and geat such as he deserued of Admonefshment, Reprouf, and Council, concernyng the Gripp, the Houlde, Cross-buttock and Fall, and then lay to afreshe.

“In lyke manner I, drawynge back a lytel, from this my Rabble and Encompasment of Labour, have runn a syde to you who were euer my *V/tad* and

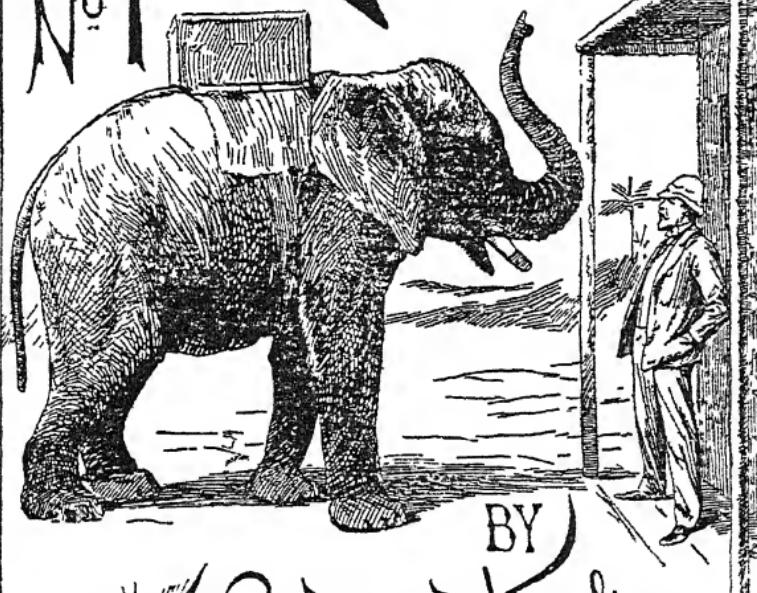
## SOME LESS FAMILIAR KIPLINGANA

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Speake as it were in your priuie Eare  
(yet that others may knowe) that if I  
have here done aught of Faire Crafte  
and Reverentiall it is come from your  
hande as trewly (but by i. Degree  
remouen) as though it had been the  
coperture of thys Booke that you haue  
made for me in loue . . . Your Charitie  
and the large Tenderness that I haue  
nowhere founde sense I haue gone from  
your House shall look upon it fauorably  
and ouerpasse the Blemyshes, Spottes,  
Foul Crafte, and Maculations that do as  
throughly marke it as anie Toil of Me.  
None the less it is sett presomptuously  
before that Wilde Beaste the Publick  
which, though when aparte and one by  
one examined is but compost of such  
meere Men and Women as you in theyr  
outwarde form peynt and I would fayne  
peynt in theyr inward workynges, yet  
in totaltie, is a Great and thanklesse  
God (like unto *Dagon*) upon whose Altars  
a man must offer of his Beste alone or

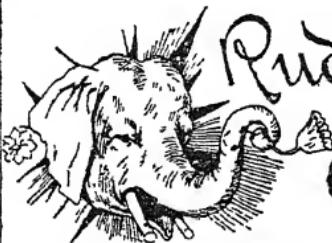
# LETTERS OF MARQUE

N<sup>o</sup> 1



BY

Rudyard Kipling



ONE RUPEE.

A H. WHEELER & CO'S INDIAN RAILWAY LIBRARY

Cover of the very rare "Letters of Marque."



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the Priestes (which they caul *Reviewers*)  
pack hym emptie awai.

“But thys I knowe, that if I fail or  
if I geat my Wage from the God afore-  
sayd ; and thus dance perpetually before  
the Altar till He be wearyed, the Wisdom  
that made in my Vse, when I was neere  
to listen, and the Sweep and Swing  
temperate of the Pen that, when I was  
afarr, gaue me alwaies and untyryng the  
most delectable Tillage of that Wisdom  
shall neuer be lackynge to me in Lyfe.

“And though I am more rich herein  
than the richeſt, my present Pouertie  
can but make return in thys lytel Booke  
which your owne Toil has nobilitated  
beyon the deferuynge of the Writer your  
Son.”

Extract from the Introduction to  
“In Black and White,” by Kadir Baksh,  
Khitmatgar.

These stories “In Black and White”

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were reprinted in chief from "The Week's News," published at Allahabad. The Introduction is supposed to be written by Rudyard Kipling's Khitmatgar, or general man, Friday:—

"Hazar—Excellency—

"Through your favour this is a book written by my Sahib. I know that he wrote it because it was his custom to write far into the night; I greatly desiring to go to my house.

"But there was no order: therefore it was my fate to sit without the door until the work was accomplished. Then came I and made shut all the papers in the office-box, and these papers, by the peculiar operation of Time and owing to the skilful manner in which I picked them up from the floor, became such a book as you now see. God alone knows what is written therein, for I am a poor man and the Sahib is my father and my mother, and I have no concern with his

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writings until he has left his table and gone to bed.

. . . . .

“Even as I picked the pages one by one with great trouble from the floor, when the Sahib had gone to bed, so have they been placed: and there is not a fault in the whole account. And this is *my* work. It was a great burden, but I accomplished it; and if the *Sahib* gains *izzat* by that which he has written—and God knows what he is always writing about—I, Kadir Baksh, his servant, also have a claim to honour.”

Extract from the Preface to “Under the Deodars” :—

“Strictly speaking, there should be no preface to this, because it deals with things that are not pretty and ugliness that hurt. But it may be as well to try to assure the ill-informed that India is not entirely inhabited by men and women

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playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment. . . . The drawback of collecting dirt in one corner is that it gives a false notion of the filth of the room. Folk who understand and have knowledge of their own will be able to strike fair averages. The opinions of people who do not understand are somewhat less valuable.

"In regard to the idea of the book, I have no hope that the stories will be of the least service to anyone. They are meant to be read in railway trains and are arranged and adorned for that end. They ought to explain that there is no particular profit in going wrong at any time, under any circumstances or for any consideration. But that is a large text to handle at popular prices . . ."

"The Declaration of London." Five stanzas in the *Morning Post* of June 29th, 1911, beginning, "We were all of one heart and one race." A few lines are quoted here :

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### THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

[*On the reassembly of Parliament after the Coronation, the Government have no intention of allowing their followers to vote according to their individual convictions on the Declaration of London, but insist on a strictly party vote.—Daily Paper.]*

“We were all of one heart and one race  
When the Abbey trumpets blew,  
For a moment’s breathing space  
We had forgotten you.  
Now you return to your honoured place  
Panting to shame us anew.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The light is still on our eyes  
Of Faith and Gentlehood,  
Of Service and Sacrifice,  
And it does not match our mood,  
To turn so soon to your sophistries  
That starve our land of her food.”

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“The Spies’ March.” Eight stanzas and a refrain in *The Literary Pageant*, a Charity Magazine issued on July 12th, 1911, in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund for the Middlesex Hospital. A few lines are quoted here:

[“The outbreak is in full swing and our death-rate would sicken Napoleon. . . . Dr. M—— died last week and C—— on Monday, but some more medicoes are coming. . . . We don’t seem to be able to check it at all. . . . Villagers panicking badly. . . . In some places not a living soul. . . . But at any rate the experience gained may come in useful, so I am keeping my notes written up-to-date in case of accidents. . . . Death is a queer chap to live with for steady company.”—*Extract from private letter.*]

“There are no leaders to lead us to honour, and yet without leaders we sally,

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Each man reporting for duty alone—  
out of sight—out of reach of his  
fellow.

There are no bugles to call the battalion,  
and yet without bugle we rally  
From the ends of the earth to the ends  
of the earth to follow the standard  
of yellow !

Fall in ! O fall in ! O fall in !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ What does He next prepare ?  
Whence will He spring the attack ?  
By water, earth or air ?  
How shall we head Him back ?

“ Can we starve Him out if we burn  
Or bury His food-supply ?  
Creep through His lines and learn—  
That is the work of a spy ! ”

“ A Burgher of the Free State.” The  
fourth of the uncollected “ Stories of the  
War.” Published in the *Daily Express*

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for June 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, 1900. A series of pictures of Bloemfontein during the early stages of the war written round the person of Allen, foreman printer of the *Bloemfontein Banner*. He is the burgher, a dour Scot, who has come to regard the Orange Free State as home by reason of forty years' sojourn. The paper belongs to Mrs. Bergmann, and is edited by Dessauer, her nephew, both being under Transvaal influences. Allen foresees that the entity of the Orange Free State may be sacrificed by war. He loathes the proposals to instigate the blacks against the British, and hopes that the statements published in the *Banner*, that the English are utilising the Indian Army against the Boers, is inaccurate. Presently the town is occupied, the office is taken over by the war correspondents, from whom Allen learns that the tales about the Indian troops are lies, printed with intent to deceive the burghers. A

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proclamation, which was to have been issued to the Basutos, is discovered in the racks, but Allen so conducts himself that the Englishman in charge suppresses what Corbett, an American journalist in the company, recognises as a scoop of the biggest kind imaginable.

“The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.” Not collected in the English edition, but included in “In Black and White,” the Oversea Edition. It appeared originally in *The Contemporary Review* for September, 1890. Pagett is spending New Year’s Day with Orde, a former schoolmate who has “become a cog-wheel in the machinery of the great Indian Government.” Orde seizes the opportunity to bring Pagett face to face with facts calculated to remove some of the misconceptions the English M.P. has formed. Pagett complains about the treatment meted out to him by Dawlishe, a judge with whom he had foregathered, and who had listened to his, Pagett’s, theories

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and bluntly called them tommy rot. Orde explains, and later a Mr. Edwards calls, who throws light on certain notions, also erroneous, which the M.P. has formed about the working classes in India. Orde also shows his visitor sketches by Bishen Singh, a craftsman in wood-carving, to whom Pagett is introduced. Bishen Singh knows nothing about the "National Congress Movement," which is near to Pagett's heart and his imagination. The next person to pay a duty-call on Orde is Rasul Ali Khan, a Mohammedan landholder, who intimated "with a smile which even Mohammedan politeness could not save from bitter scorn" that he also was indifferent to the movement. The next visitors are a dozen cultivators, headed by Jelloo, who have a grievance against the people in a village adjacent to their own, but they none of them had ever heard of Pagett's National Congress. At last a youthful student, Mr. Dina Nath,

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is introduced, who is left alone with the M.P. He at least knows all about the matter, but the interview only serves to show Pagett how entirely wrong are his views. Mr. Reginald Burke, the hero of a Bank Fraud and "no politician but a business man," expresses the opinion emphatically that that "kind of agitation is anything but wholesome for the country." Finally, Dr. Eva McCreery Lathrop opens the man's eyes to the great need for more protection for the native woman.

"Erastasius of the Whanghoa." The first story in "Abaft the Funnel." Erastasius, a tailless Japanese cat, falls down the ventilating funnel of the "Whanghoa," and is brought up from the stokehole in a bucket. While he cleans himself, the captain tells the passengers how Erastasius saved a quarter of a million dollars, by giving warning, on one voyage, that a cargo of Chinese in the steerage were plotting mischief.

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“Fables for the Staff.” During the S.A. War, Kipling acted as associate editor of *The Friend*, a Bloemfontein journal, edited by the war correspondents with Lord Roberts’s force. For that publication Kipling wrote “King Log and King Stork” (March 24th, 1900), “The Elephant and the Lark’s Nest” (March 24th, 1900), “The Persuasive Pom-Pom,” “Vain Horses,” and Nos. five and six not entitled. In the issue of April 2nd, 1900, was a poem entitled “A Song of the White Man,” of which Julian Ralph states in “War’s Brighter Side” that it was written “to be read at a dinner in Canada.” The first line runs: “Now this is the cup the white men drink.” Before Mr. Kipling “joined the staff” he sent a contribution, “St. Patrick’s Day” (March 17th, 1900), beginning, “Oh ! Terence, dear, and did you hear the news that’s going round ?” Two four-line stanzas constituted the first issue, but six days later the whole of the poem,

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five stanzas of eight lines, was printed. *The Friend* also contains two series of "Kopje-Book Maxims," compiled "with suggestive help from Perceval Landon," the now famous traveller and author. These maxims relate to horse, foot, guns, etc. Those last named are ascribed to the two journalists mentioned and A. H. Gwynne. The editorial in *The Friend* of April 2nd, 1900, bids farewell to Mr. Kipling on his return to Cape Town. The contributions to "*The Friend*" are reprinted in Julian Ralph's "*War's Brighter Side*," published in 1901. The book contains a portrait of Mr. Kipling with the three other associate editors.

"Folly Bridge." The second of the four uncollected "Stories of the War." Published in the *Daily Express* of June 15th and 16th, 1900. McManus, an African banker, is summoned to Bloemfontein by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army and the High Commissioner to help

## SOME LESS FAMILIAR KIPLINGANA

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to disentangle the finances of the State. His passports require that his progress is to be facilitated by every means. At Folly Bridge, which has been blown up, McManus and others have to walk from one point to another to make connection. The military orders are that none are to be sent forward from one side unless their passes are countersigned by the officer, one Smith, behind. He, it happens, is taking his bath when the party arrives. McManus goes ahead on foot, but is held up by the officer on the other bank of the Orange River. The situation is saved by the candid comments of others of the party, including an officer in charge of the "Little Man's" private mail.

"For One Night Only." Uncollected from *Longman's Magazine* of April, 1890. A slight and somewhat farcical story of an evening spent at the theatre by a certain Mrs. Skittleworth and her friends.

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“Half a Dozen Pictures.” Printed, according to the late Professor F. York Powell, in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, September 3rd and 5th, 1892.

“Haunted Subalterns.” Horrocks and Tesser of the Inextinguishables are bothered with ghosts in the quarters, which turn their room upside-down and break the strings of one man’s banjo. Neither Tesser nor Horrocks, alone or together, can get at the bottom of the matter, and when Tesser goes off with a junior to a fort, his ghost, with a banjo, follows him. The junior subaltern declares he will not stay with Tesser, and is relieved by Horrocks. The two men still fail to find what is wrong, though they discover that Horrocks’s ghost is local, while the banjo-player is personal. This story is included in the Outward Bound Edition, but is not in the English.

“The Horse Marines.” An uncollected

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story which appeared in *Pearson's Magazine*, October, 1910, with illustrations by Charles Crombie. The preface is an extract from a daily paper regarding a question put to the Right Honourable R. B. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, on April 18th, 1910 (Haldane of the Spiritual Home). Lord Ronaldshay asked if rocking-horses were to be supplied to all the county regiments for teaching recruits to ride. Mr. Haldane, replying, described the dummy horses on rockers, which had been tested with satisfactory results. . . . The rocking-horses were made at Woolwich and were quite cheap. Kipling's story is a satirical comment upon the practice. Therein are reintroduced Lieutenant Morshed, Pyecroft, and Leggatt, along with a contingent of Boy Scouts, and a French sailor named Jules. The four men, under Morshed's leadership, contrive to introduce a rocking-horse into the camp where army manœuvres are in progress. This they place on a pile

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of mangold-wurzels, and call attention to it by letting off fireworks. The result is an encounter between the men, in which the roots serve as missiles.

“The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood.” An uncollected dialogue published in *The Fortnightly Review*, May, 1890. He and She, riding on the downs, discuss their hosts the Deeleys, and their fellow-guests Oulthorp, Miss Julia Massing, Mr. and Mrs. Dollins, and Mr. Warbstow.

“The Last Relief.” An Indian story which appeared in the first number of *The Ludgate Monthly*, May, 1891. It was illustrated by Mr. Frederick Waddy, and has not been included in any book. A very poignant story that Kiplingites greatly admired, and still admire.

“The Legs of Sister Ursula.” A story, not collected, from *The Idler*, of June, 1893, where it was illustrated by Hal Hurst. A nursing sister steps out on to a corridor, and the door closing after

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her, she finds that she is cut off from her patient, who is suffering from a nervous mental breakdown. She succeeds in getting back to her duty by ascending the fire-escape ladder, but in so doing attracts the attention of Cott Van Cott, a violinist possessing a Strad. He thinks there is a fire, and follows the nun. The humour of the adventure strikes the patient, and helps him to throw off the depression which had almost led him to commit suicide.

It was published also in *McClure's Magazine*, March, 1894.

"Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out." An "unhistorical extravaganza," published in *The Illustrated London News* Christmas Number for 1890, fully, and admirably, illustrated by A. Forestier. The main idea is that May Holt, staying with an aunt, Mrs. Scriffshaw, at Simla, wishes to go to a Volunteer ball. Mrs. Scriffshaw withholds permission, and May seeks the help of Mrs. Hauksbee, and persuades her

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uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Scriffshaw, to accompany her. At the ball, Mrs. Hauksbee takes charge. May is taken over by Charles Hilton Hawley, with whom she is in love. Mrs. Scriffshaw is kept occupied by Major Decker, an Irishman with a persuasive tongue, and afterwards by H.E. The Viceroy. When the inevitable collision occurs, Mrs. Hauksbee contrives to transfer May to the Viceroy and lets Hawley tackle the aunt. By sheer bluff he reduces the lady to a condition in which she will grant him anything, to the delight of His Excellency, who overhears the conversation, and places the boy on his staff for a month. The story is not in the English Collection, but is included in the Outward Bound Edition.

It is in dialogue largely, and contains some delightful verses explaining or commenting upon the actions and intentions of the characters in the extravaganza—as the Chorus does in Greek Drama. Thus

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when the horses of the lovers are brought together, the Little Blind Devil of Chance sings :

*"On a road that is pied  
As a panther's hide  
The shadows flicker and dance,  
The leaves that make them  
My hand shall shake them,  
The hand of the Devil of Chance,  
The Little Blind Devil of Chance."*

“My Personal Experiences with a Tiger.” This title is presented in Guthrie’s “Reader’s Guide to Periodical Literature” as having been published in *The Ladies’ Home Journal* (American), January, 1902. Not collected. Other titles mentioned by the same authority are “New Auld Lang Syne,” “The Rovers,” and “Things and the Man.” These cannot at present be traced. It may be that future research will bring them to light.

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“The Outsider.” The Third of the un-collected “Stories of the War.” Published in the *Daily Express* for June 19th, 20th, and 21st, 1900; also in *McClure’s Magazine*, July, 1900. Part I. introduces Gentleman Cadet Walter Setton, of the Royal Rutlands, his clerical father and mother; also in another part of the globe, Mr. J. Thrupp, the highly efficient foreman mechanic in a South African mine. Part II. is concerned with the early training of Lieutenant Setton, of his scorn for “outsiders,” and the circumstances which lead to his being in charge of a station hard by a bridge which the Boers had destroyed. Thither comes a party belonging to Phil Tenbroek’s Railway Pioneer Corps, in charge of one Hagan, with Private Jerry Thrupp among his gang. Hagan wants to restore communications between the mines and the coast. To all of Setton’s remarks he has only one reply: “*I want to get back to the Rand.*” The way the man

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disregards him irritates the young officer. Tenbroek recalls Hagan for work on another section, and Thrupp is left in charge at a critical time. The spans across the river are in place and are being riveted up, when Setton interferes, draws off the soldiers on the derricks, and in consequence the rivets are sheared and the two girders drop. Jerry's remarks are designated "insolence," and he is put under arrest. Later there appears Colonel Palling, E.R., and Hagan, who take in the situation. Lieutenant Setton is transferred.

The Outward Bound Edition. The preface to this American edition of Mr. Kipling's works, which was begun in 1897 (Charles Scribners Sons), indicates that "Bitters Neat" and "Haunted Subalterns" are included in "Plain Tales from the Hills"; "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out" with "Under the Deodars"; and "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P." with "In Black and White." The

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first volume has for a frontispiece a full-face portrait of Mr. Kipling executed in photogravure. Thirty-six illustrations from pictures in relief in clay by Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling enrich the edition. There is an introduction addressed "To the Nakhoda, or Skipper, of this venture," and has for a sub-title, "A Letter or Bill of Instruction from the Owner," wherein is set forth, in terms and sentences reminiscent of the East, how the aforesaid Nakhoda may dispose the cargo to attract the men who would trade, and women who should know "that many of the cloths are double and treble-figured, giving a new pattern in a shift of light." Moreover, it is enjoined that when "the little children come down to the beaches" the Nakhoda is "to hide away that which is uncomely . . . and spare nothing of the painted clay figures, the talking apes . . . to give them pleasure."

"Some Notes on a Bill." A set of verses

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contributed to *The Author* of July 1st, 1891, at a time when the author was suffering from American piratical publication of his work. It is delightfully frank, and has some naïve, illuminating foot-notes. It has not been collected. A few of its quaintest lines are here quoted:

“ Softly sang the British Author, for  
a dream was in his brain  
Of landaus from Long Acre and of houses  
in Park Lane ;  
But ere he went to Tattersall’s or changed  
his modest dwelling  
He explained, per Western Union, his  
objections to their spelling.

“ ‘Oh, my Largest Reading Public,’ thus  
the coded cable came,  
‘ You drop one (hell) in “travelling” and  
—get there just the same :  
If to Webster and to Worcester, and  
your sauce at large I grovel,  
It will vulgarize our fiction—taint  
the Holy British Novel.’ ”

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“An Unqualified Pilot.” An uncollected story of the Hugli river, printed in *The Windsor Magazine* of February, 1895. Four illustrations and a tail-piece by Cecil Aldin accompany the text. The story is concerned with Martin Trevor the senior pilot on the Hugli, whose young son resolves, in spite of his father’s wishes and threats, to become a pilot. He proves his capacity by steering a Chinese craft with six pigtails while as many Celestials handle the tiller, making a stalking horse of his father. As a result he was turned over to his father’s friend, McEwen, for a proper training.

“The Way That He Took.” The first of some uncollected stories of war. Published in the *Daily Express* of June 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1900. Reprinted in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, November and December, 1900. Part I. introduces a Major and a Captain of Mounted Infantry guarding a railway station. To them comes a hospital train carrying,

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besides doctors and others, Sisters Dorothy and Margaret. The train is delayed by a leaking boiler, giving the nurses, doctors, and officers an opportunity for tea and intercourse. In the course of a stroll Sister Margaret explains to the Captain that she is of South African birth ; that she loves the veldt, but that it was an injunction of her youthful days never to " go back by the way we had come." Part II. shifts the scene to a Boer camp, and lays bare a plot to trap a company of British soldiers. Part III. shows how the Captain of Mounted Infantry walked into the trap, discovered his mistake, remembered the nurse's words, and by going back a different way won out safely ; reported that it was a draw to his superior officer, who demanded whether " you expect an officer of my experience to believe that."

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### NOTES UPON SCHOOL BOOKS, ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, AND OTHER PERSONAL MATERIAL OF R. K.

(In An American Collection.)

MERIVALE (Charles). *The Roman Triumvirates.* *Map.* 18mo, cloth (small piece torn from half-title). London, 1877.

Used by Kipling when at school. His name is printed in ink on the fore-edge, there are a few notes on the margins, and a list of references at the back.

OVID. *P. Ovidii Nasonis Fastorum. Liber VI.* Edited with notes by A. Sedgwick. 16mo, cloth (loose in covers). Cambridge, 1877.

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Used by Kipling while at school.

Almost every page contains drawings of musical instruments, fanciful animals, parts of the human body, scribblings, etc. On page 31 his name appears. An exceedingly interesting item.

BELCHER (Rev. Henry). Short Exercises in Latin Prose Composition (Part II.). 18mo, cloth (piece cut from half-title). London, 1879.

Used by Kipling when a schoolboy.

His name is printed in ink on the fly-leaf in two places, and once on the cover. There are notes in Latin on one page, and at the back there is a drawing of a Deodar tree.

MANUSCRIPT POEM written by Rudyard Kipling at an early age. Forty-four lines on two pieces of paper fastened together in the shape of a narrow folio, entitled "The Legend of the Cedar

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Swamp," and signed at the end "J. R. Kipling." In a morocco slip-case.

An unpublished poem, written somewhat earlier than his *Scribbler* (*quod vide*) contributions. The beginning will give an idea of its character:

"Darkness lay thick where'er we trod  
Alone with Nature and with God,  
Deep bogs were many round our way,  
And here 'twas half night and half day."

"THE SCRIBBLER." "Dulce est desipere in loco." Vol. I., No. 12; Vol. II., Numbers 1 and 3. Together 3 Numbers, folio, no covers. Hammersmith, 1879-1880.

*The Scribbler* was a home magazine written and edited by the children of Burne-Jones, William Morris, and by Rudyard Kipling himself. It was begun in November, 1878, and lasted until March, 1880. The copies (there were two only of each

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issue) were written on foolscap sheets by Miss May Morris and her sister. Rudyard Kipling was an occasional contributor, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Nickson," and the above three numbers contain a story in two instalments, entitled "My First Adventure," and a poem, "The Pillow Fight," by him. With the above is an A.L.S. by Miss Morris regarding *The Scribbler*.

MANUSCRIPT POEM written by Kipling for *The Scribbler*, when he was a lad. Three pp., small 4to. Forty-two lines divided into seven stanzas, with the heading "The Dusky Crew." Signed with his *nom de plume* "Nickson." In a cardboard slip-case.

The above manuscript, together with the two others in this catalogue, was secured from Miss May Morris, who was the scribe for the juvenile periodical for which it was written.

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*The Scribbler* expired long before the poems could be included, and these were found long afterward among a mass of "copy" by various hands. Miss Morris and Mr. Price Kipling's old schoolmaster, both testified to the genuineness of the piece before they were sent to this country.

**MANUSCRIPT POEM** written by Kipling for *The Scribbler*. Three pp. small 4to, containing fifty-one lines of poem with the title "The Night Before." Signed "Nickson." In a cardboard slip case.

**MANUSCRIPT POEM** written by Kipling for *The Scribbler*. Fourteen lines on an oblong 12mo slip of paper with the title "Job's Wife." Signed at the end "Nickson."

A delightfully tragic piece beginning  
"Curse now thy God and die, for all  
is done."

## OME LESS FAMILIAR KIPLINGANA

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MANUSCRIPT VALENTINE in the  
handwriting of Rudyard Kipling. Written  
on a piece of parchment of 18mo size.  
Signed with initials in a monogram.

On one side there is a poem of twenty-  
four lines, "To A. E. W., A Song  
of St. Valentine." On the reverse  
side are eight lines without heading,  
which read :

There is one greeting for all—  
One salutation,  
When Birds flit or Flowers fall,  
Or the Maid quits the Station :—

Come back, with the cooler Spring Wind,  
For the dand lieth lonely ;  
Come back—for ye leave us behind  
Sweet memories only."

R. K.

*February 14th, 1884.*

UNITED SERVICE PROPRIETARY  
COLLEGE, Westward Ho, N. Devon.

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School Lists. Fourteen pieces, 8vo and 16mo, original wrappers. Bideford, 1878-1882.

This set covers the period of Kipling's school life at Bideford, and shows his standing in his various studies. It is interesting to know that he won a prize for English poetry. Very difficult to obtain.

PROGRAMME for "The Rivals" and "The Dead Shot" as performed Tuesday, December 20th, 1881, at the United Services College Christmas Pastimes. Four pp., 12mo, no imprint.

In "The Rivals" Kipling is cast as Sir Anthony Absolute, and G. C. Beresford and L. C. Dunsterville (the Stalky and McTurk of his schoolboy stories) have the parts of Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Mrs. Malaprop. With the above is an A.L.S. from Mr. Gifford White, who played in the second piece on the programme.

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### SOME BOOKS ABOUT KIPLING AND HIS WRITINGS.

(In An American Collection.)

"THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD." A Contribution to a Bibliography of the Writings of Rudyard Kipling. 12mo, original paper wrappers, uncut. (Jamaica : Marion Press, 1898). Edition limited to 150 copies.

A GLOSSARY to Accompany Departmental Ditties as Written by Rudyard Kipling. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, uncut. New York, 1899.

CLEMENS (Will M.). "A Ken of Kipling, being a Biographical Sketch of Rudyard Kipling, with an Appreciation and some Anecdotes." *Portrait and two illustrations.* 12mo, cloth, uncut. New York, 1899.

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KNOWLES (Frederick Lawrence). "A Kipling Primer." Including Biographical and Critical Chapters, and Index to Mr. Kipling's Principal Writings and Bibliographies. *Portraits.* 12mo, cloth. Boston, 1899.

MONKSHOOD (G. F.). "Rudyard Kipling. An Attempt at Appreciation." *Portrait, and autograph letter to the Author.* First Edition. 12mo, cloth, gilt top. London, 1899.

NORTON (Charles Eliot). "Rudyard Kipling. A Biographical Sketch." *Portrait.* 12mo, boards, uncut. New York, 1899. Edition limited to 100 copies.

PARKER (W. B.). "The Religion of Mr. Kipling." First Edition. 12mo, boards, cloth back, uncut. New York, 1899.

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RALPH (Julian). "War's Brighter Side." The Story of *The Friend*. Newspaper edited by the Correspondents with Lord Roberts's Forces, March-April, 1900. With fifteen illustrations. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, uncut. London, 1901.

Poems and other material by Kipling appear here for the first time in book form.

"THE WORKS of Rudyard Kipling." The Description of a Set of the First Editions of his Books, in the Library of a New York Collector. *With Portrait, signed in pencil, by T. Johnson, and facsimiles.* Royal 8vo, boards, uncut. New York, 1901. (One of twelve copies printed on Japan paper.)

"FORSTER'S NOTE BOOK on Kipling." No. 1, Birmingham (1898). Rudyard Kipling. New York, 1899. Together two pieces, 12mo and 16mo, paper.

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### FROM A LETTER TO VICOMTE D'HUMIÈRES, 1904.

" There exists—I am glad you did not see it—an England which, ruined by excess of comfort, has gone to sleep and, because it snores loudly, believes that it is thinking.

" Your comments on the Army seem to me very just. Above all, you have put your finger upon one vital point of our training when you speak of the men who ' understand that they must not understand.' I think that is at the bottom of many of our successes and our failures. It is the first thing which we teach our boys. . . . Believe me, I agree most cordially with all you say on the value of a good understanding between our countries ; and this not only for the need of to-day, but for the hope of to-morrow. The two lands, so it seems to me, supplement each other in temperament and

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outlook, in logic and fact. Even if this were not the case, we must remember that there is not so much of liberty left in Eastern Europe that the two leaders of Freedom should dare to dispute between themselves. We both have to deal with the 'unfrei' peoples, the veiled and cramped lands where the word of a king is absolute power. If we should quarrel, who will profit? The Middle Ages with the modern guns, isn't that true? . . . No, our 'chastity' is not all cant. It is an administrative necessity forced upon us by the density of the population. Imagine a land with four hundred people to the square mile—if they were penetrated with a refined and enduring sensuality! It would be an orgy! It would impede traffic. Consequently we are brief and business-like in such matters. Also it is a meat-fed people of whom 6,000,000 (or more than one-seventh) live in a city which, for five months of the year, swims in semi-

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obscurity alternating with profound darkness. We realise that this is exciting to certain wine-centres and we—the land—take exercise to counteract the stimulus.

“ ‘We understand that we must not understand.’ To understand everything may be to pardon everything, but it also means to commit everything . . .”

### FROM A PREFATORY LETTER TO “THE COMPLETE MOTORIST,” 1904.

“ Any fool can invent anything, as any fool can wait to buy the invention when it is thoroughly perfected; but the men to reverence, to admire, to write odes and erect statues to, are those Prometheuses and Ixions (maniacs you used to call us) who chase the inchoate idea of fixity up and down the King’s Highway . . . It is the Car . . . that we have to thank for the quickened intellect, the alerter eye, the more agile

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limbs, and the less unquenchable thirst  
of our fellow-citizens . . .”

### RUDYARD KIPLING IN TRANSLA- TIONS.

A number of the twenty or so prose writings of Kipling have been translated into French by Count Robert d’Humières and Monsieur L. Fabulet. They were most warmly welcomed. Very long and appreciative essays upon him have also appeared in France, notably in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* over the signature of Mon. Roz. I am not sure whether the three plays (“The Harbour Watch,” “The Light that Failed,” and “The Man Who Was”) have been produced upon French boards.

There have been Spanish, Dutch, and German translations of certain books. “Captains Courageous” has been published in Icelandic, at Reykjavik, and our old and esteemed little friend “Kim” would be proud and amused to know that he

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figures in one out-of-the-way translated form as "Přeložila Pavla Mondrá," whatever that may completely and precisely mean!

The translations into French have been a great success, although it is rather a pity that many of the stories have been re-grouped. This mode of procedure makes it difficult or at least inconvenient to find certain of them.

### RUDYARD KIPLING'S BOOKLET ENTITLED "DOCTORS."

This booklet I here mention—published in 1908, bound in the familiar red, and adorned with the familiar svastika—as it does not seem to be as well known as it should be, and certainly has an especial interest at the present moment when those lords of life and death, the judges of our tongues and pulses, are so much demanded and honoured. "Doctors" was an address delivered

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at the Middlesex Hospital. The booklet is packed with *obiter dicta* in the best, the most-admired mould and manner of the great author. By continuing to quote all the good things one would indubitably reprint the whole thing. But I do not wish to resist copying two paragraphs that linger in the honey of memory long after the eyes have done their duty. Paragraph One shows us that Kipling knows his Bishop Butler :

“ You remain now perhaps the only class that dares to tell the world that we can get no more out of a machine than we put into it; that if the fathers have eaten forbidden fruit the children’s teeth are very liable to be affected. Your training shows you daily and directly that things are what they are, and that their consequences will be what they will be and that we deceive no one but ourselves when we pretend otherwise.”

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" May I remind you of some of your privileges? You and kings are about the only people whose explanations the police will accept if you exceed the legal limit in your car. On presentation of your visiting card you can pass through the most turbulent crowd unmolested ; even with applause. If you fly a yellow flag over a centre of population you can turn it into a desert. If you choose to fly a Red Cross flag over a desert you can turn it into a centre of population towards which, as I have seen, men will crawl on hands and knees. You can forbid any ship to enter any port in the world. If you think it necessary to the success of any operation in which you are interested, you can stop a 20,000 ton liner with her mails in mid-ocean till that operation is completed."

A long, but deeply interesting, preface to "Doctors" was written by the late and deeply regretted author, Reginald Lucas. He was the able biographer of

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the late Prince Francis of Teck, and also author of several books, half essay, half fancy, that were much appreciated by the Intelligentzia, here and elsewhere. A pathetic, and most ironic, fact is that this gentleman 'of letters took his own life in the Albany, Piccadilly, soon after the successful issue of his book entitled "The Cheerful Day" !

### THE "MOTHER O' MINE" POEM.

I clearly recall the spring of 1901 and a certain charming drawing-room in the Parks, Oxford, when Kipling's "Light that Failed" had just arrived. (Indeed I have especial memories connected with the appearance of certainly all the early volumes. What Kiplingite has not?) Some one read aloud the really beautiful Dedication to "Mother o' Mine." "Splendid!" uttered fervently a scholar and man of letters who was being taught

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the Real Kipling. "Splendid; it has that rare, clear-cut touch of the classic poets of emotion." He continued in the drawling, convincing voice we loved to speak of Bion and Moschus and of what he called the Art of Perfect Presentation as seen in Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. "Mother o' Mine," he concluded, "is a pure gem of literature." That appraiser has passed for ever. Some years later a much used copy of the book was found lying upon an Oxford book-stall. Upon one of the blank end-papers some one had attempted another verse of "Mother o' Mine." I copy it here as a curiosity of the sincerest form of flattery:

*"If I were damned for ever and aye,  
I know that for ever you then would  
pray,  
That my soul might be whole at the last  
dread day,  
Mother o' Mine, O Mother o' Mine."*

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"The Light that Failed" originally appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* with an engraved portrait of its author by an artist named Gribayedorff. In the cloth-bound book form, as issued by Ward, Lock & Co., it was a longer narrative, containing, for instance, more of the cunning and amusing chatter of the war correspondents.

## LESS KNOWN KIPLING PARODIES.

A whole book and a big one could be compiled of parodies of Kipling's verse alone. "When in doubt, parody Kipling," must have been a standing order issued by the editors of University papers to the brilliant young undergrads whose inklingerings helped to charm lotus days by Isis and Cam. I have met, and detained, two American parodies so good that it is surprising they are not better known. But I do not recall seeing

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either of them in English books or in Magazinedom. They were written by E. P. C. and G. W. Carryl respectively. The latter gentleman is an adroit and witty writer of books in belles-lettres.

### AFTER KIPLING.

#### FUZZY WUZZY LEAVES US.

We've been visited by men across the seas,

And some of them could write, and some could not;

The English, French, and German—whom you please,

But Kipling was the finest of the lot.

In sooth, we're loath to lose him from our list;

Though he's not been wholly kind in all his dealings;

Indeed from first to last I must insist,

He has played the cat and banjo with our feelings.

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But here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, with  
your comments and your slurs ;  
You're a poor, benighted Briton, but  
the Prince of Raconteurs !  
We'll give you your certificate, and if  
you want it signed,  
Come back and have a fling at us  
whenever you're inclined !

You harrowed us with murder and with  
blood ;  
You dipped us deep in Simla's petty  
guile ;  
Yet we have found ourselves misunder-  
stood  
When we served you a sensation in  
our style ;

. . . . .

But here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and the  
boys of Lung-tung-pen,  
And all we have to ask you is, make 'em  
kill again !

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For though we're crude in some things  
here, which fact I much deplore,  
We know Genius when we see it, and  
we're not afraid of gore.

And yet we love you best on Greenhough  
Hill,

By Bisesa and her sisters dark per-  
plexed;

In your sermons which have power to  
lift and thrill

Just because they have the heart of  
man as text;

And when you bend, the little ones to  
please,

With Bagheera and Baloo at hide-and-  
seek,

Oh ! a happy hour with Mowgli in the  
trees

Sets a little chap a-dreaming for a week.

So, here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and  
to Mowgli and Old Kaa

And to her who loved and waited where  
the Gates of Sorrow are ;

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For 'e was a poet—'er Majesty's poet—  
soldier and sailor, too !

. . . . .

'E'll take you up to the Ar'tic zone, 'e'll  
take you down to the Nile,  
'E'll give you a barrack ballad in the  
Tommy Atkins style,  
Or 'e'll sing you a Dipsy Chantey, as  
the blooming bo'suns do,  
For 'e is a poet—'er Majesty's poet—  
soldier an' sailor, too.

An' there isn't no room for others, an'  
there's nothin' left to do ;  
'E 'as sailed the main from the 'Orn to  
Spain, e' 'as tramped the jungle through,  
An' written up all there is to write—  
soldier an' sailor, too !

There are manners *an'* manners of  
writin', but 'is is the *proper* way,  
An' it ain't so hard to be a bard if you'll  
imitate Rudyard K. ;

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But sea an' shore, an' peace an' war,  
an' everything else in view—  
'E 'as gobbled the lot!—'er Majesty's  
poet—soldier an' sailor, too.  
'E's not content with 'is Indian 'ome,  
'e's looking for regions new,  
In another year 'e'll 'ave swept 'em clear,  
an' what'll the rest of us do?  
'E's crowdin' us out—'er Majesty's poet—  
soldier an' sailor, too !

Some one said "somewhere" that to enjoy parody one must have an intense sense of the humorous and a humorous sense of the intense! Be that as it may, a knowledge of Kipling and a love of good and fair fun should always ensure a greeting for such lines as the foregoing. Kipling himself is, of course, an excellent parodist, and as his work in this class cannot be readily referred to—"Echoes," etc.—I quote here one of his shorter parodies of Browning, entitled :

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### THE JAM-POT.

The Jam-pot—tender thought !  
I grabbed it—so did you.  
“ What wonder while we fought  
Together that it flew  
In shivers ? ” you retort.

You should have loosed your hold  
One moment—checked your fist.  
But, as it was, too bold  
You grappled and you missed.  
More plainly—you were sold.

“ Well, neither of us shared  
The dainty.” That your plea ?  
“ Well, neither of us cared,”  
I answer . . . “ Let me see.  
How have your trousers fared ? ”

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### LESS FAMILIAR HINDUSTANI WORDS AND PHRASES USEFUL FOR KIPLINGITES.

The Kiplingite who can proudly tell you that puttee means "bandage," khana means "dinner," and that a chitt is a "note," must indeed memorise a little more Hindustani to understand usefully words and phrases in some of the stories and sketches that were written about twenty years ago, mainly, if not entirely, for an Anglo-Indian audience. Thus :

Khubber=News.

Burra=Great.

Raj-mistri=Head mason.

Bunnia=Village money-lender.

Havildar=Sepoy non. com. officer or sergeant.

Bundobast=Affair, agreement, settlement, or arrangement.

Mahajuns=Great persons, "big pots," money-lenders.

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Punchayats=Village councils.

Sirkar=The Government.

Namak-Larami=Treason.

Chaprassies=Messengers or footmen.

Jehad=Holy war against infidels.

Duftar=Office.

Chabutra=Terrace or platform attached  
to a house.

Dharzee=Tailor.

Nauker-log=Domestics.

Izzat=Honour, credit, reputation,  
character. Popularly "orders" such as  
the heading of an official letter.

Mehtar=Sweeper or menial servant of  
lowest order.

Chamar=Leather worker.

Jaldi karo=Make haste.

Jaldi Jao=Go quickly.

Jât=Caste.

Ghat=Wharf.

Nakhuda=Captain.

Huzoor=Your Excellency.

Salâm=Good morning.

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“THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.”

(From a Symposium in *T.P.'s Weekly*)

A lady correspondent who had been reading Monkshood's monograph on Mr. Kipling was startled by his statement : “ I have never met a woman who was a Kiplingite, and I should not have believed it if I had. The writings of Rudyard Kipling do not appeal to women.” This is a strongly worded statement, and by the time Mr. Monkshood has read this page I think he will be prepared to modify it.

### *The Two Sides.*

First of all, I will quote a letter from a lady admirer of Mr. Kipling who recognises the two sides of this question. This lady writes :

“ I myself am an ardent Kiplingite, and for some years have made it a rule to

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ask the women I meet whether they read and like Kipling. I find almost invariably that they dislike both his prose and verse. I have only met two, out of the many I have asked, who read Kipling with enjoyment. May this be due to the feminine dislike to having 'things as they *are*' brought before them? Personally, Kipling appeals to me so strongly that I find it difficult to sympathise with those who do not appreciate his work."

It is not a little curious how, in letter after letter, the women admirers of Mr. Kipling's works, who attempt to upset Mr. Monkshood's case, admit between the lines that he really has a case. "Kipling is not a woman's writer," says one correspondent, "but that does not prevent many women from admiring his works intensely." True reading, she says, is "absolutely sexless," a proposition which I find it hard to under-

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stand. Surely a woman can only read as a woman. It would be nearer the mark to say that true writing is sexless, in the sense that it appeals equally to the whole heart of humanity, men and women alike. This correspondent makes the further observation: "To any student of human nature, man or woman, Kipling's works must be a treasure-house of information—except when he touches on women." From this curious limitation the writer proceeds:

"Mr. Kipling's vehemence is perhaps shocking to the gentle type of woman who is built for quiet home-life; but to the many women who know their limitations, and have no wish to overstep them, yet feeling an intellectual glory in the wider activities of masculinity, Kipling is a source of true delight. There is no better tonic after a long day than a dip into 'Many Inventions' or 'The Day's Work.' Of the Kipling of 'The Brush-Wood Boy' and the

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'Just-so Stories' there is no need to speak, since every woman, however gentle, must appreciate their tender fancies."

Here the writer rather pleads for than asserts Mr. Kipling's appeal to women, singling out two of his writings which she thinks every woman must appreciate—for what? For their "tender fancies." One cannot altogether overlook the significance of the exceptions.

Another correspondent acknowledges that the majority of her feminine acquaintances are not Kiplingites, and offers certain explanations, though unmoved by them herself:

"One friend of mine told me she did not like Kipling because his style was so spasmodic and disconnected, and he left so much to the reader's imagination that it was very difficult sometimes to discover his meaning. I think that this, together with his rather frequent lack of refinement, constitutes the main

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reason of women's antipathy towards his writings."

Exceptional women read Mr. Kipling.

Taking these letters all in all, I am inclined to assent to the proposition of the lady who writes: "I think it takes a woman with certain powers of mind and brain to appreciate Mr. Kipling properly: his style is so strong and powerful, his expressions so terse and to the point."

W. M. G. writes:

"Mr. Kipling's poetry, without exception, has impressed me deeply, and nearly all his stories, even those written, as your correspondent says, 'for men only,' have afforded me great interest and enjoyment. I have never been able, however, to admire the Jungle Books and the 'Just-so Stories.'"

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M. J. S. writes :

"Cannot a woman revel in genius as much as the 'mere man'? And Kipling understands women as few male writers have ever done. What other man would have ventured on such feminine details as 'So, between tears, kisses, menthol, and packing, the afternoon wore away'? Surely this appeals to all women, for, as Kipling himself observes :

"The Colonel's lady  
And Judy O'Grady  
Are sisters  
Under their skins."

E. A. H. writes :

"What most women like in a man is, I think, virility, and this quality Kipling possesses in no ordinary degree. This is the chief charm in his writing, a strong masculine view of life. Even when one is not in complete sympathy with his

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subject, his mode of treating it invariably attracts."

T. K. writes :

"I confidently contradict the assertion that no woman is a Kiplingite. His works appeal to healthily-minded women precisely because his men characters are true, honest, and manly, with no mawkishness or sentimentality about them ; and to me, personally, one great attraction of his writing is the absence of 'the eternally feminine element,' though, when he likes, Kipling can draw an attractive woman, *e.g.* William the Conqueror, in 'The Day's Work.'"

Civita writes :

"Kipling's female characters are rather irritating, because, like many another clever man, when he talks about women he is talking of what he does not understand, but his loyal English gentlemen,

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who would scorn a dirty action, yet are in no way 'superior persons,' his very human Tommies whose only faults are generous ones, the whole spirit of vigour and freshness, of large tolerance for human frailties, of simple matter-of-fact devotion to duty, which pervades his works, backed by the glamour which he can throw over commonplaces, appeals very largely to a woman's imagination, even if her heart be not thereby reached."

Apparently, then, Mr. Kipling is not essentially a woman's writer; he does not, in fact, appeal very strongly to the mass of his reading countrywomen. The many women who do appreciate him do so because their minds are more than ordinarily strong and flexible, and they have the ability to travel beyond themselves into the world and thoughts of the virile, fighting, empire-building man. Such women are increasing in numbers every year.

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### WHY WOMEN LOVE KIPLING.

(An answer to W. J. Clarke.)

It is our weakness that we love the strong,  
Your strong man is our hero ; right or  
wrong

We love the truth to probe the heart of  
things,

And stoop to Hell or rise to Heav'n ; our  
wings

May be discarded or assumed at will ;  
Howe'er we err we love a hero still.

We love your Kipling, being not all so  
blind

But we can see some virtue in your kind ;  
We hold him fitly king among the kings,  
Who, fearless, can lay bare the truth of  
things ;

Who, being a man, writes manly, and of  
men

And women, too, with clean, unsullied  
pen ;

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Nor even stoops to varnish o'er a stain,  
Nor gloats o'er darkness and disease and  
    pain,  
But plunges in the thickest of the strife,  
And paints us wrestling on the field of life;  
And rides above the sordid and the base,  
Breast-forward, with the sunlight on his  
    face;  
And nerves us in our weakness to be  
    strong;  
And bids his fellows rise "to right the  
    wrong." . . .  
From him we learn the basest and the best,  
To cleave to what is pure and hate the  
    rest.  
He shows us Nature's loveliest and her  
    worst  
And walks by day and calls the dark  
    accurst. . . .  
For this we love him; in our hearts shall  
    live  
All he has ever giv'n us and shall give.

*A Woman and a Kiplingite.*  
*From "The Literary World"*

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### THE CURIOUS BOOK OF LEEB-LUNDBERG;

(Or, How To Be a Kipling.)

What is, undoubtedly, the most curious among the serious attempts to estimate the value of Kipling and track the secrets of his style to their source or eyrie, is a book upon the "word-formation" in Kipling by a Doctor in Philosophy named Leeb-Lundberg. It is an amazing book and, though I do not mean the words derisively, an amusing book also. Its author's own description of the book is that it is "a stylistic-philological study," but that need not scare away anyone who has the time and desire to read it. Perhaps it is almost needless to say that Leeb-Lundberg does not discover the secret of Kipling's style at all, for the simple and sufficient reason that *it cannot be discovered*, or else round dozens and

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square squadrons of writing men would have annexed and used it most strenuously and shamelessly as far back as 1888 ! Leeb-Lundberg tries hard to catch and pin down for you the aletricious butterfly of style, but it perpetually slips away like a willis in a dark wood. Ever it evades, and we pursue, and, in the end, in spite of the toiling Doctor's Onomatopes, Parasynthetics, Substantives, and Derivatives, we are all of us as far off from finding out Kipling's uncanny witchery with words as the children were in attempting to find the Blue Bird. But there are pleasing and appreciative criticisms in Leeb-Lundberg. A few of these are subjoined :

"At the present day there is certainly nobody that would deny that in the world's literature Kipling stands as the master of 'The Short Story.' It is natural that his merits in the development of this literary form should be due to the fact that he, more than anyone

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before him, possesses the temperament and the style that suit his purpose.

"Kipling's power of setting off what is essential to a character or a situation is great and undisputed. By a couple of bold strokes—a few brief sentences packed with suggestive words—he knows how to present to the reader a picture of the most intricate situation conceivable, the vividness of which often reminds us of the best achievements of impressionist painters."

. . . . .

"As pointed out before, Kipling's popularity as a writer is universal, and not confined to the English public only. It need hardly be said that his universality is not due to such qualities as made the everlasting fame of a Shakespeare, a Goethe, or an Ibsen. The secret of Kipling's world-wide popularity is, no doubt, hidden in the fact that he, to an epoch of over-civilised passiveness, has

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preached the simple and age-old gospel of action."

. . . . .

"For the following survey of Kipling's development as an author I accept, on the whole, the division into three periods made by Knowles, and based upon the author's different treatment of character. It hardly needs pointing out that any limitation of these periods by dates is quite out of the question. The periods are :

- (1) Satirical Treatment of Character.
  - (2) Sympathetic Treatment of Character
  - (3) Spiritual Treatment of Character."
- . . . . .

"It appears that Kipling's real sympathies are not for the educated classes of society, but centre in individuals of a more primitive stage of culture. Whenever he writes about the Indian native or the private of the British army his

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accents are really true and moving. So in some of the stories in 'In Black and White,' and above all in 'Soldiers Three'; and if we examine the stories in 'Plain Tales,' one of Kipling's earliest prose works, it will strike us that the only one revealing real tenderness of heart is 'The Story of Muhammed Din,' the hero of which is a native baby."

. . . . .

"In the 'Barrack Room Ballads' of 1892 a sympathetic view of men has gained the complete ascendancy over the poet's juvenile-satirical vein. The years spent in the struggling heart of gigantic London cannot have failed to impress him with the fact that man is in many respects grimly dependent on certain established conditions, and consequently more worthy of sympathy than scornful laughter."

. . . . .

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“If there is one feature that particularly characterises Kipling as a man, it is his passionate love of action. So it does not astonish one that in almost all his writings there is a certain tendency always one and the same. Kipling is, and has been for many years, the preacher of Anglo-Saxon Imperialism. But he is far from being a jingo. His sound and virile judgment shows him the right way, and so, for the most part, he appears as a reformer. But whenever he gives us a picture of the common Englishman, loyally ‘standing by the day’s work,’ he does not fail to inspire us with a strong belief in the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race.”

•      •      •      •      •

Kipling’s interest is so exclusively centred in “the activities of men and women” that he transfers it to the description of nature. Thus he speaks of “the seawater’s choking and chuck-

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ling," of "the kiss of the rain," of "the drinking earth," etc. So the narrative gets a vividness and clearness that sometimes grows almost dazzling. It is also by means of this metaphorising way of observing and thinking that Kipling has accomplished something that is very rarely undertaken—a poetical treatment of modern machinery and industrialism.

. . . . .

Knowles's remark that "Kipling has the gift of the inevitable word" is indeed very much to the point. But, after all, the capacity of choosing the right word for the right moment proves—in many cases—to be nothing but a manifestation of metaphorism. So when it is said of Kaa, the huge python, that "he seemed to pour himself along the ground," of Mulvaney, when he returned from his "Incarnation," that he "disappeared to the waist in a wave of joyous dogs," or of the sun that he is "driving

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broad golden spokes through the lower branches of the mango trees," the reader really sees the thing as concretely as if he had it for the moment before his eyes. So Kipling always aims at concreteness, and Knowles is right in saying that "his aversion to the indefinite and abstract amounts almost to horror."

• • • • •

If we consider Kipling's great sympathies with the "lower orders" and his intimate intercourse with such different types as British soldiers, fashionable Anglo-Indian society, children of British officials, and natives, London bank-clerks, Gloucester fishermen, Californian millionaires, New York journalists, and Devonshire schoolboys—we need not wonder that his own language should bear marks of the cants of almost every social stratum of the Anglo-Saxon world. For Kipling makes a point of

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speaking to every individual in his own caste-speech.

. . . . .

In such stories as "oo7," "The Ship that Found Herself," and "The Devil and the Deep Sea," the author cannot, owing to the nature of the subject, escape writing in a merely professional language; and so hosts of words become unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Nevertheless, we cannot but acknowledge that Kipling has succeeded in giving a highly poetical presentment of the great spectacle of modern machinery, and that perhaps it might be worth while to learn the technical words in order to be capable of enjoying this kind of contemporary romance.

In 1900 *L'Humanité Nouvelle*—the splendid French review of Science, Art, and Letters—published the following :

"M. Rudyard Kipling ne se preserve pas des ses amis. Il a bien écrit à G. F.

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Monkshood une lettre dans laquelle sa modestie offensée (son orgueil s'offenserait peut-être à meilleur droit) par le panégyrique de 236 pages que vient de lui consacrer ce dernier, proteste, mais elle proteste un peu faiblement. Aussi M. Monkshood a-t-il passé outre. D'ailleurs, sauf en ce qui regarde le bon renom de M. Kipling, et lui-même est seul juge de ce qu'il lui plait qu'on fasse de lui, il eût été regrettable que M. Monkshood brûlat son manuscrit. J'en cite quelques passages :

“ ‘Rudyard Kipling ne s'appartient pas, comme vous ou moi nous nous appartenons. Il fait corps avec le pays. Il y a des milliers de gens qui écrivent, il y en a des douzaines qui savent écrire, mais il n'y a qu'un Rudyard Kipling.’ Voici un peu de critique d'après Taine. Après avoir concédé que Rudyard Kipling a de la commisération pour l'Irlandais, de l'estime pour l'Ecossais, M. Monkshood ajoute : ‘ Mais le plus

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profond de son cœur est anglais,' établissant ainsi que M. Kipling—qui n'eût cru, à voir l'homme, ou à lire l'écrivain!—est l'incarnation même de la race anglaise ou anglo-saxonne, car le critique ne précise pas. Il a hâte de conclure : 'D'ailleurs, c'est l'opinion enracinée de Kipling que la plus belle chose qui se soit jamais produite dans le monde, c'est l'avènement de l'Anglais. Et il y a quelques pages écrites dans l'istorie qui pourront peut-être lui donner raison.' Mais voici un passage de critique purement littéraire : 'Que dirai-je du poème *Le Drapeau anglais*? Seulement ceci : Voilà une œuvre qui inspire, qui n'est pas théâtrale, qui est concrète, qui n'est pas anémique, qui est brave, qui n'est pas boursouflue, qui est bonne, belle, vraie. Mais par dessus tout, c'est littéraire.'

"Je trouve un charme infini à cette dernière phrase. Mais il faut résister au plaisir de citer M. Monkshood. Je note

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seulement, que d'après son critique, les œuvres de M. Kipling ne plaisent pas aux femmes (j'avais cru le contraire) parce que d'abord 'il ne croit pas à la supériorité de la femme sur ce despote brutal qu'est l'homme'; qu'en second lieu 'il ne croit pas que les femmes aient fait l'Empire Britannique, bâti des docks et inventé des cuirassés'; et parce qu'enfin 'il ne parle pas d'intrigues adultères joliment.' M. Monkshood a l'ironie un peu lourde.

"Une dernière constatation à propos de son livre : j'ai observé avec soulagement que, dans toute l'œuvre de Kipling, il y a deux volumes qui laissent froid son panégyriste. Ce sont justement les admirables contes de la Jungle."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's happy poem, "Pan in Vermont," was issued by the publishers of "The Seven Seas." At first the edition was one of twenty-five copies only. Now very rare.

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"Pan in Vermont" is a spring song, or Renouveau. It bears at its head the quaint epigraph :

"About the 15th of this month you may expect our Mr. ——, with the usual spring seed, etc., catalogues.— Florists' Announcement."

The poem opens :

"It's forty in the shade to-day, the spouting eaves declare ;  
The boulders rise above the drift, the southern slopes are bare ;  
Hub-deep in slush Apollo's car swings north along the Zod-Iac.  
Good lack, the spring is back, and Pan is on the road."

The second stanza carries further the conceit of spring (by personification, Pan), quickening the wintry earth, and leads the reader to a really comical fancy.

Every man who has carried home a

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Cedsman's catalogue will understand the next few verses, such as :

"What though his phlox and hollyhocks  
ere half a month demised?  
What though his ampelopsis clambered  
not as advertised?  
Though every seed was guaranteed and  
every standard true,  
Forget, forgive, they did not live!  
Believe, and buy anew."

## SOME RECENT WORDS UPON KIPLING.

Quoted from Barry Pain.

If you read a translation of Kipling into French—however conscientious the translation may be—you will find that the original has gained nothing in the process, but, on the contrary, has lost a good deal. De Maupassant has frequently been translated into English,

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and never satisfactorily. How can one translate the tale "Bel-ami" into English? One cannot even get past the title without spoiling something. How are you to render into French without missing a shade, "No more you can't pauperise them as 'asn't things to begin with. They're bloomin' well pauced"?

. . . . .

But here we come to a point which is at first sight puzzling. A male or female duffer writes stories and attains vast popularity. A man of genius, like Kipling, writes stories and also attains vast popularity. In the first case the public is quite wrong: in the second it is quite right. How does this happen?

In the first place, the duffer's public is not the same as Kipling's public throughout, though, as some readers are extraordinarily omnivorous, it may be in part the same. Secondly, a great

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consensus of enthusiastic critical approval, such as Kipling received, has its weight.

. . . . .

In the eighties Kipling wrote for the *Allahabad Pioneer* work which reached this country early in the following decade. Critics have spoken of the easy cynicism of "Plain Tales from the Hills." Some of them—if it very much matters—may be cynical, but that they had a common quality, easily acquired by a writer, cannot be said. One would need only to quote a page or two from "Beyond the Pale" or "The Madness of Private Ortheris" to prove it. This and the succeeding volumes raised the position of the short story. It was with Kipling that many readers began to see that the short story had its own special art—the art of suggestion.

"No, I ain't mammysick, because my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for

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London again; sick for the sounds of 'er, an' the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er; orange-peel and hasphalte an' gas comin' in over Vaux'all Bridge. Sick for the rail goin' down to Box 'Ill, with your gal on your knee an' a new clay pipe in your face. That, an' the Stran' lights where you knows ev'ryone, an' the copper that takes you up is a old friend that tuk you up before, when you was a little, scritchy boy lyin' loose between the Temple an' the Dark Harches."

In these few lines of dialogue are suggested much of the psychology and much of the biography of Private Stanley Ortheris, No. 22639, B Company.

## WHEN KIPLING "GOT THE SACK."

Rumour has been busy recently concerning the fee paid to Rudyard Kipling for his series of three articles on the

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doings of our submarine officers, and which were published simultaneously in practically every paper of note in this country, and also in the United States.

That the cheque was one "worth having" may be taken for granted, and this is a reminder that Kipling's first venture in journalism was a ghastly failure.

The affair happened in America. Kipling, then quite unknown to fame, had applied for work on the *San Francisco Examiner*.

He was given a trial assignment, and returning to the office later he proceeded to write up his "story" in his own quaint and inimitable style.

We know enough of Kipling now to be sure that his copy was a perfect piece of work of its kind, but the sub-editor failed altogether to appreciate its peculiar virtues.

"Rot!" he exclaimed, as he slashed his blue pencil furiously through para-

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graph after paragraph. "Rot!" again; and again more blue pencil. Finally he gave it up as a bad job, and handed the story over to another reporter to be rewritten.

Then, swinging round his chair, he said: "Mr. Kipling, you need not show up for work to-morrow. You have no idea how to get news, and when it comes to writing a story you make about as poor a show at it as is possible. You'll excuse my bluntness, but the *Examiner* is not a kindergarten."

## EXTRACT FROM SHANE LESLIE'S BOOK.

"What do they know of England who only England know?" is a phrase of Kipling which would have puzzled all Victorian premiers except Disraeli. To Disraeli England and the East were

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equally congenial, and he eventually merged the English with the Indian Crown. Kipling's burst into fame came with the rough times of the Boer War, when prophets were needed to say smooth things. In 1888 Moreton Frewen forwarded some of Kipling's work to England, and received word that it was 'not up to the standard of the *Daily Telegraph*.'

### AN AEROPLANE JOKE.

Here is an entirely new story about Rudyard Kipling.

Apropos of his recent series of articles on the work of our submarine heroes, a friend of his suggested that he should write a companion series on the doings of our gallant airmen.

"Perhaps! Some day!" was Kipling's non-committal reply.

"Oh, but you must," insisted his

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friend. "Let's see whether we can't hit on a good title."

"Well," answered Rudyard after a moment or two's cogitation, "what do you think of 'Plane Tales from the Sky'?"

. . . . .

The very witty pens of *Punch*—still "going strong," though seventy years old—have presented us with some most delightful Kipling parodies and paraphrases: always kindly, always well-informed, always the criticism of one who had read, and read well, the subject of his criticism and had studied the best method of satirising him. I think the following joke is well worthy of repetition and further preservation. I do not know the author, but it has the flash of the steel nib of E. V. Lucas, the really literary laureate of the open and closed roads and ways in life in literature.

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### A "VERY-NEARLY" STORY.

(Not at all by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

Once upon a time—not very long ago—an Eminent Writer met a Modern Child.

"Approach, Best-Beloved," said the Eminent Writer; "come hither, oh 'scruciating idle and pachydermatous phenomenon, and I will tell you a 'trancing tale !'"

The Modern Child regarded him with mild curiosity. "Feeling a bit chippy?" he asked; "slight break in the brain-box? Or why do you talk like that?—No, can't stop now, I'm sorry to say."

"But you must, Best-Beloved! You've got to, oh, 'satisfiable Chimpanzee! Can't you see that I'm an Eminent Writer, talking in this way on purpose to please you? And you don't even know how the Ruddikip got His Great Big Side! Do stop and listen!"

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"Oh, anything you like," said the Modern Child, sitting down weariedly.  
"Let me light a cigarette. Now, drive ahead!"

"Down at the back of beginning, oh, extremely Precious, there was a little Ruddikip. And he was the most 'defatigable creature that anyone ever knew. There never was a creature so specially and 'scusably 'defatigable. And first he grew several Tails, which the 'defatigable Ruddikip said were Plain, but all the other creatures said were highly-coloured, and very fine indeed. Then he made many other inventions in the day's work, and sang songs too, and everybody agreed that there never was such a 'defatigable Ruddikip, and his little Side began to grow—'cause he couldn't help it. 'Cept when he tried a Light that Failed; then he got a hump instead. So, Best-Beloved, the 'defatigable Ruddikip pleased all the big people and creatures, and

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hey all shouted out ‘Hurrah ! Well-lone !’ just as loud as ever they could shout. Then he said :

“ ‘ I have pleased the big people ; it behoves me to do something for the rising generation of muddied oafs ’—which was the way the Ruddikip talked after his Side was grown big. So next he said a pretty piece about a most strordinary Storky and Co., but the young muddied oafs only said, ‘ Pah ! Bah ! Pooh ! ’—which hurt the feelings of the Ruddikip. ‘ Sons of the Spuming Spring-tide ! ’ he snorted (and no one knew what was meant), ‘ I will now turn to the Small Children, and I shall address them in decapitated polysyllables.’

“ Wherefore and ‘ cordingly, oh, Best-Beloved, the most and-altogether-beyond-record-’defatigable Ruddikip took his little pen, and he wrote. Then they took the writing of the ’defatigable Ruddikip, and put it in beautiful, big black print. For they knew, oh,

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Approximately Invaluable, that this is the kind of talk you like, and that you would thank the Ruddikip ever so much for tales written just in this way ! ”

“ Chuck it ! ” said the Modern Child as he rose and fled.

### STEVENSON AND KIPLING.

(*First printed in a pamphlet supplement to the Letters of R. L. S.*)

To Rudyard Kipling.

In 1890, on first becoming acquainted with Mr. Kipling’s “ Soldiers Three,” Stevenson had written his congratulations red-hot. “ Well and indeed, Mr. Mulvaney,” so ran the first sentence of his note, “ but it’s as good as meat to meet in with you, sir. They tell me it was a man of the name of Kipling made ye ; but indeed and they can’t fool me ; it was the Lord God Almighty that made you.” Taking the cue thus offered,

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Mr. Kipling had written back in the character of his own Irishman, Thomas Mulvaney, addressing Stevenson's Highlander, Alan Breck Stewart. In the following letter, which belongs to an uncertain date in 1891, Alan Breck is made to reply. "The gentleman I now serve with" means, of course, R. L. S. himself.

(Vailima, 1891.)

Sir,—I cannot call to mind having written you, but I am so throng with occupation this may have fallen aside. I never heard tell I had any friends in Ireland, and I am led to understand you are come of no considerable family. The gentleman I now serve with assures me, however, you are a very pretty fellow and your letter deserves to be remarked. It's true he is himself a man of very low descent upon the one side; though upon the other he counts cousinship with a gentleman, my very good friend, the late Mr. Balfour of the

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Shaws, in the Lothian ; which I should be wanting in good fellowship to forget. He tells me besides you are a man of your hands ; I am not informed of your weapon ; but if all be true it sticks in my mind I would be ready to make exception in your favour, and meet you like one gentleman with another. I suppose this'll be your purpose in your favour, which I could very ill make out ; it's one I would be swair to baulk you of. It seems, Mr. McIlvaine, which I take to be your name, you are in the household of a gentleman of the name of Coupling : for whom my friend is very much engaged. The distances being very uncommodious I think it will be maybe better if we leave it to these two to settle all that's necessary to honour. I would have you to take heed it's a very unusual condescension on my part, that bear a King's name ; and for the matter of that I think shame to be mingled with a person of the name of Coupling, which is

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doubtless a very good house but one I never heard tell of, any more than Stevenson. But your purpose being laudable, I would be sorry (as the word goes) to put off my nose to spite my face. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A. STEWART,

Chevalier de St. Louis.

To Mr. McIlvaine,

Gentleman Private in a foot regiment,  
under cover to Mr. Coupling.

He has read me some of your Barrack Room Ballants, which are not of so noble a strain as some of mine in the Gaelic, but I could set some of them to the pipes if this rencounter goes as it's to be desired. Let's first, as I understand you to move, do each other this rational courtesy ; and if either will survive, we may grow better acquaint. For your tastes for what's martial and for poetry agree with mine.

A. S.

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### FIRST REVIEW OF THE FIRST BOOK ON KIPLING.

“RUDYARD KIPLING: The Man and His Work,” an attempt at appreciation by G. F. Monkshood, is evidently, and as was to be expected, a big success, for a second edition is already published. Speaking of this book the critic of the *Globe* says:—“It has at the basis of it both knowledge and enthusiasm—knowledge of the works estimated and enthusiasm for them. This book may be accepted as a generous exposition of Mr. Kipling’s merits as a writer. We can well believe that it will have many interested and approving readers.” While in the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. W. L. Courtney wrote as follows:—“He writes fluently, and he has genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and an intimate acquaintance with his work. Moreover, the book has been submitted to Mr. Kipling, whose characteristic

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letter to the author is set forth in the preface. . . . Of Kipling's heroes Mr. Monkshood has a thorough understanding, and his remarks on them are worth quoting." Scotch reviewers are always pretty shrewd in their criticism, and one of the best of them wrote thus in the *Scotsman*:—"This well-informed volume is plainly sincere. It is thoroughly well studied, and takes pains to answer all the questions that are usually put about Mr. Kipling. The writer's enthusiasm carries both himself and his reader along in the most agreeable style. One way and another his book is full of interest, and those who wish to talk about Kipling will find it invaluable, while the thousands of his admirers will read it through with delighted enthusiasm." H.R.H. the Duchess of York has just accepted a copy of Mr. Monkshood's interesting monograph on Rudyard Kipling.

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### EPILOGUE.

Passage, O soul, to India !  
Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables.

Not you alone, proud truths of the world,  
Nor ye alone ye facts of modern science,  
But myths and fables of *eld*, Asia's,  
Africa's fables,  
The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos'd dreams,  
The deep diving bibles and legends,  
The daring plots of the poets, the elder religions ;  
O you temples fairer than lillies pour'd over by the rising sun !  
O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of the known, mounting to heaven !  
You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses, burnish'd with gold !

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Towers of fables immortal, fashion'd from  
mortal dreams !  
You, too, I welcome, and fully the same  
as the rest !  
You too with joy I sing.

Passage to India !

Walt Whitman.

THE END.





